

PASSAGES FROM
MODERN ENGLISH POETS



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JUNIOR ETCHING CLUB.

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PASSAGES FROM
MODERN ENGLISH POETS.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE
JUNIOR ETCHING CLUB.

FORTY-SEVEN ETCHINGS.



LONDON:
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NOTE.

In the present Series of Etchings by the Members of the JUNIOR LITERARY CLUB, the plan adopted in preceding volumes has undergone no modification.

Instead of restricting themselves to the illustration of a single Author, the Artists have gone farther a-field, and have sought a wider area for the exercise of their needles; sometimes in the daily scenes of social life in our cities and villages, and in the varied aspects of rural nature: but more frequently in salient and characteristic passages from the writings of our own English Poets.

A few of who, as travels through the realms of verse have been tolerably extensive, have been at "some pains and pulling down of books" (as Byron has it), to associate with the respective subjects, not merely the passages, in extent, which have suggested, or might have suggested, each scene or subject, but also such poems, with few exceptions from comparatively modern sources, as seemed calculated to illustrate the predominant sentiment of the design: thus occupying (not unprofitably, it is hoped) pages, which would otherwise have remained vacant.*

* The late Abner A. Watts.



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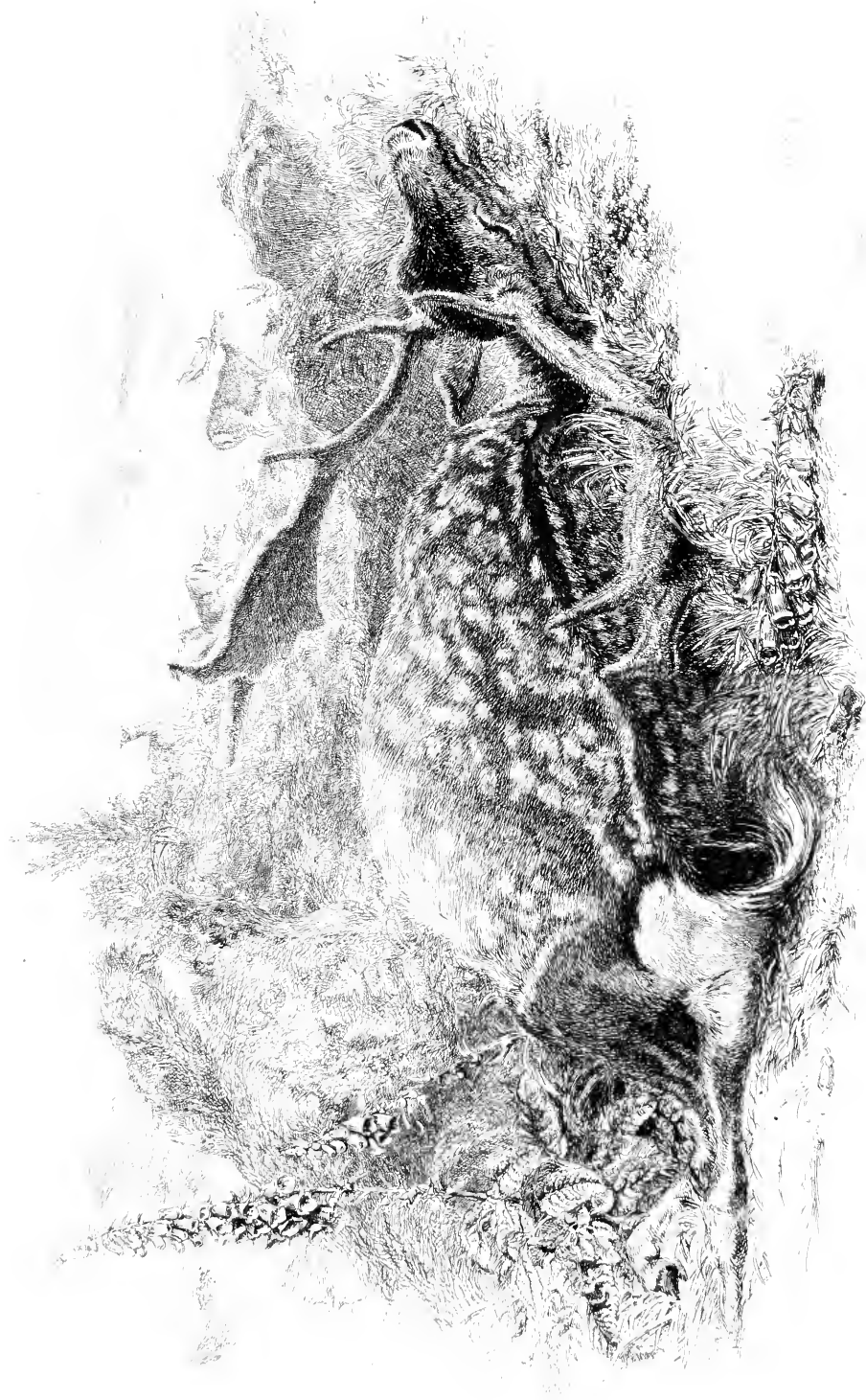
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THE WILD DEER.

MAGNIFICENT Creature ! so stately and bright,
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight ;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head ;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale ?
Hail ! king of the wild and the beautiful, hail !
Hail, idol divine ! whom Nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn ;
Whom the pilgrim, lone wandering on mountain and moor,
As the vision glides by him may blameless adore ;
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.
Up ! up to yon cliff, like a king to his throne,
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone ;
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast,
Lo ! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest,
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill !
In the hush of the mountains ye antlers lie still !
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment, thou bright apparition, delay,
Then melt o'er the crags like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
The wild spirit hung in majestic mirth ;
In dalliance with danger he bounded in bliss,
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss ;
O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,
Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean ;
Thence proudly he turned ere he sank to the dell,
And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell ;
While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.
The ship of the desert has passed on the wind,
And left the dark ocean of mountains behind ;
But my spirit will travel wherever she flec,
And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the sea,

THE WILD DEER.

Her voyage pursue till her anchor be cast,
In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.
His voyage is o'er ! as if struck by a spell,
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell ;
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime, enamoured of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race ;
A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place ;
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven ;
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

On the brink of the rock, lo ! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day ;
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurned from his furious feet ;
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As Nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

All mute was the palace of Lochy that day
When the king and his nobles, a gallant array,
To Gleno or Glen-Etive came forth in their pride,
And a hundred fierce stags in their solitude died.
Not lonely and single they passed o'er the height,
But thousands swept by in their hurricane flight ;
" Fall down on your faces ! " the herd is at hand !
And onwards they came like the sea o'er the sand ;
Like the snow from the mountain, when loosened by rain,
And rolling along with a crash to the plain ;
Like a thunder-split oak-tree, that falls in one shock,
With his hundred wide arms, from the top of the rock ;
Like the voice of the sky when the black cloud is near,
So sudden, so loud, came the tempest of Deer.
Wild mirth of the desert ! fit pastime for kings !
Which still the rude bard in his solitude sings.
Oh ! reign of magnificence vanished for ever,
Like music dried up in the bed of a river
Whose course hath been changed ! yet my soul can survey
The clear cloudless morn of that glorious day.
Yes, the wide silent forest is loud as of yore,
And the ebb'd sea of grandeur rolls back to the shore !

PROFESSOR WILSON.



London, Published November 17th 1844, by N. B. & Son, 7, St. Paul's Church-Yard.

THE DRUM.

A SOLDIER am I, the world over I range,
And would not my lot with a monarch exchange ;
How welcome the Soldier wherever he roves,
Attended like Venus by Mars and the Loves !
How dull is the ball, and how cheerless the fair,
What's a feast or a frolic if we are not there ?
Kind, hearty, and gallant, and joyous we come,
And the world looks alive at the sound of the Drum.

The Soldiers are coming ! the villagers cry,
All trades are suspended to see us pass by ;
Quick flies the glad sound to the maiden up-stairs,
In a moment dismissed are her broom and her cares.
Outstretched is her neck till the Soldiers she sees,
From her cap the red ribbon plays light in the breeze ;
But lighter her heart plays as nearer we come,
And redder her cheek at the sound of the Drum !

The veteran half-dozing awakes at the news,
Hobbles out, and our column with triumph reviews ;
Near his knee his young grandson with ecstasy hears
Of generals, of colonels, and fierce brigadiers ;
Of the marches he took, and the hardships he knew,
Of the battles he fought, and the foemen he slew ;
To his heart spirits new in wild revelry come,
And make one rally more at the sound of the Drum !

Who loves not a Soldier ? the generous, the brave,
The heart that can feel, and the arm that can save ;
In peace the gay friend, with the manners that charm,
In thought ever liberal, in heart ever warm ;
In his mind nothing selfish or pitiful known,
'Tis a temple which honour can enter alone ;
No titles I boast, yet wherever I come
My heart still leaps up at the sound of the Drum.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM SMYTH.

THE DRUM.

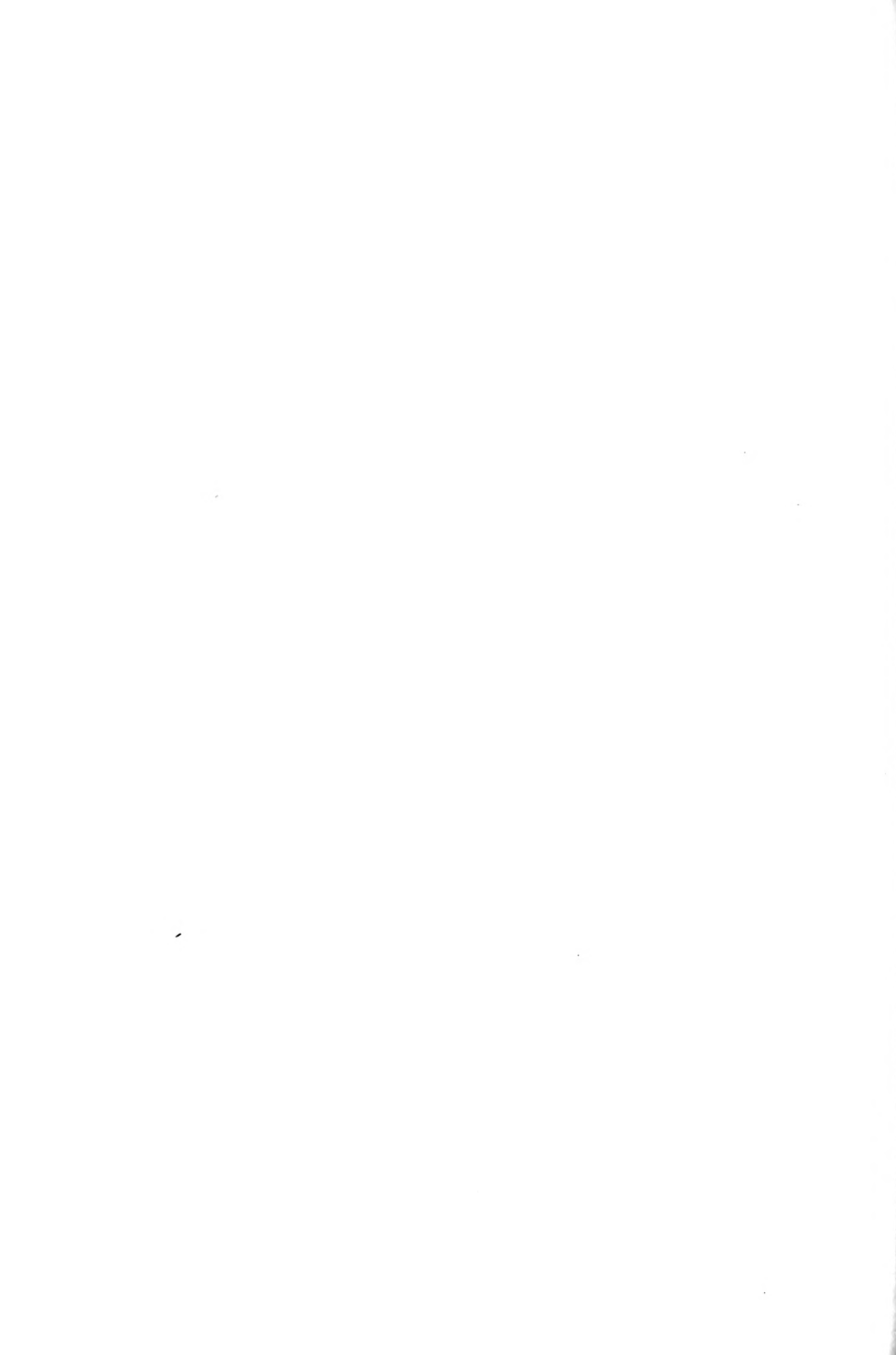
I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round and round ;
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms ;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march and fight and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round and round ;
To me it speaks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs and dying groans,
And widows' tears and orphans' moans ;
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

JOHN SCOTT OF AMWELL.



The Duke of Wellington's Horse, 1812.



WAR AND GLORY.

SECURE from actual warfare, we have loved
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war !
Alas ! for ages ignorant of all
Its ghastlier workings (famine or blue plague,
Battle or siege, or flight through wintry snows),
We, this whole people, have been clamorous
For war and bloodshed ; animating sports,
The which we pass for as a thing to talk of,
Spectators and not combatants. No guess
Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
No speculation on contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause ; and forth
(Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names
And adjurations of the God in Heaven,)
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands ! Boys and girls,
And women that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for our morning meal !
The poor wretch who has learned his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide ;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues,
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds, to which
We join no feeling and attach no form !
As if the soldier died without a wound ;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang ; as if the wretch
Who fell in battle doing bloody deeds
Passed off to Heaven translated and not killed ;
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him. Therefore evil days
Are coming on us ; oh, my countrymen !
And what if all-avenging Providence,
Strong and retributive, should make us know
The meaning of our words, force us to feel
The desolation and the agony
Of our fierce doings.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

FAINLY brayed the battle's roar,
Distant down the hollow wind ;
Panting Terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.
The war fiend cursed the sunken day
That checked his fierce pursuit too soon ;
Whilst scarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung and loured the bloody moon.
The field so late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage spread ;
And floated with a crimson tide,
That drenched the dying and the dead,
O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandoned all to horrors wild,
With frantic step Maria flew,—
Maria, Sorrow's early child.
For well she thought a friend so dear,
In darkest hours might joy impart ;
Her warrior faint with toil might cheer,
Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.
Too soon in few but deadly words,
Some flying straggler breathed to tell,
That in the foremost strife of swords,
The young the gallant Edgar fell.
She pressed to hear—she caught the tale,
At every sound her blood congealed ;
With terror bold—with terror pale—
She sprang to search the fatal field.
Drear anguish urged her then to press,
Full many a hand as wild she mourned ;
Of comfort glad the drear caress,
The damp chill dying hand returned.
Her ghastly hope was well-nigh fled,
When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half buried 'neath the hostile dead,
And gored with many a grisly wound.
She knew—she sank—the night-bird screamed,
The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair, though fall'n she seemed,
To worse than death and deepest night.

THOMAS PENROSE.



THE CABIN OF THE WILDERNESS

THE BROOK.

No check, no stay, this streamlet fears,
How merrily it goes,
"Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.—*Wordsworth.*

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
And bicker down the valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges ;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

'Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles ;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow, weed, and mallow.

I chatter chatter as I flow,
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling ;

THE BROOK.

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me as I travel,
With many a silver water-break
 Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along and flow
 To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance,
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars,
 In brambly wildernesses,
I linger by my shingly bars,
 I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow,
 To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



Two bison in the snow. From the collection of the U.S. National Museum.

THE SOUTH-AFRICAN DESERT.

A FAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away, from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen ;
By valleys remote, where the oribi* plays,
Where the gnoo,† the gazelle,‡ and the harte-beest§ graze.
And the gemsbock|| and eland unhunted recline,
By the skirts of grey forests o'ergrown with wild vine ;
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse¶ gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the Vlec** where the wild horse is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,
O'er the brown Karoo†† where the bleating cry
Of the springbock's fawn‡‡ sounds plaintively ;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane
In the fields seldom cheered by the dew or the rain ;
And the stately koodoo§§ exultingly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds ;
And the timorous quagga's|||| wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at fall of day,
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste ;
For she hies away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped out their nest ;
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,
In the pathless depths of the parched Karoo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,

* Antilope pygmaea. †Antilope Gnu. ‡ Antilope bubalis. § Antilope Caama.

|| Antilope Oryx. ¶ The Hippopotamus. ** A marsh or small lake.

†† The Great Karoo is an uninhabitable wilderness, 300 miles long by 80 broad,
forming an elevated table-land between the Black Mountains

and the Snow Mountains,

‡‡ Antilope Pygarga. §§ Antilope strepsiceros. |||| Equus Quagga.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN DESERT.

Away, away, in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan ;
A region of barrenness howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear ;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the old hollow stone ;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot ;
And the bitter melon for food and drink
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink ;
A region of drought where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides ;
Where reedy pool nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capped mountain,
Is found to refresh the aching eye ;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Say to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is Nature's solitude.

THOMAS PRINGLE.



London, Published December 24, 1862, by Day & Son, 27th St.

THE RUINED FOUNTAIN.

IN a lonely Arab valley,
Grey, with lichens overgrown,
Where the blandest breezes dally,
Chanting, ever musically,
 Roundelays with silver tone,
Stands a mossy fountain broken,
Of the ancient day as token.

On its basin-sides are graven
 Forms of chiefs and maidens light,
Whom the never-dying Raven
Hath forgotten, nameless even
 In the Poet's lay of night ;
Mystic figures dimly glowing
Through the crystal waters flowing.

Fountain ! Old and grey and hoary !
 Like an aged man you sit
In that home of song and story,
Where the relics of old glory,
 Dreaming visions, hallow it ;
With your sweetly mournful singing,
Back its faded memories bringing.

ANONYMOUS.

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.

THIS sycamore, oft musical with bees,
Such tents the Patriarchs loved ! Oh, long unharmed,
May all its aged boughs o'er canopy
The small round basin which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves ! Long may the Spring,
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse ! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom like a Fairy's page,
As mery and no taller dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.
Here twilight is and coolness : here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade ;
Thou may'st toil far, and find no second tree.
Drink, Pilgrim, here ; here rest ! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh,
Thy spirit listening to some gentle sound
Of passing gale or hum of murmuring bees !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE FOUNTAIN.

The water from the rock filled, overflowed it ;
Then dashed away playing the prodigal,
And soon was lost ; stealing unseen, unheard,
Through the long grass, and round the twisted roots
Of aged trees, discovering where it ran
By fresher verdure. Overcome with heat,
I threw me down, admiring as I lay
That shady nook, a singing-place for birds ;
That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,
More than enough to please a maid a-maying.
The sun was sinking down, and now approached
The hour for stir and village gossip there,
The hour Rebecca came, when from the well
She drew with such alacrity to serve
The stranger and his camels. Soon I heard
Footsteps, and, lo ! descending by a path
Trod den for ages many, a nymph appeared,—
Appeared and vanished, bearing on her head
Her earthen pitcher.

SAMUEL ROGERS.



after

THE ANGLER'S SOLILOQUY.

O H ! pleasant are the green banks of the Lea,—
And pleasant are its waters, silver sweet ;
It thirsteth me, on May-day morns, to be
Clad in an angler's simple garments meet,
Treading with gentle Izaack's spirit,—there
By the pike's hollow lair ;
And near the shallows, where the minnow twinkles
His little tail,—and wrinkles
The restless waters,—and beside the place
Where darts the dace !

How clear the sun is shining in the sky !
How innocent the silent meadows lie !
How freshly comes the miller from his mill,
And looks about at will !
The water glideth with a sleepy sound,
O'er coiling deeplets, and by grassy ground ;
And busy fish rise up to watch who be
So early at the Lea !
Then leave the surface, amid silvery rings,
Like water-sprites on wings.

Good Master Walton ! what a heart was thine !
(Simplicity knelt at it, like a shrine !)
How well thy fisher-muse could cast the line !
How daintily she threw
Her song across the dew,
When the soft low came from the distant kine ;
And when, in comely inn, on Amwell Hill,
A pilgrim from the stream, thou sattest still,—
Taking a dream of quiet, at thy fill,
Over the soft mist of a silent pipe,—
On old man's nothings contemplation-rife.—
How wouldst thy heart gladden, when Madge drew nigh,
The stainless wench that never knew a sigh ;
But knew a song, and sang it at thy call—
A grass-green pastoral.

THE ANGLER'S SOLILOQUY.

The cold Lea misseth thee --and seemeth now
To flow with memory's wrinkles on its brow ;
The steep of Tottenham feels thine antique loss,
And sadness gloometh upon Waltham's Cross.

The pike rush boldly by ;

Thou art not nigh !

Large yellow barbel at the bottom lie,
And gaze upon the bait without a sigh,
The armed perch starts its red fins--and cares
Nought for the minnow, or the brandling snares ;

Sport comes not with the day ;

Thou art away !

And we, poor things, with landing-nets and line,
And rod, and bait,—but prowl, and poke, and pine.

How !—('tis beneath me, and beneath the joys

Of a true angler, prone to be envy free.)

How I *do* envy those two tiny boys,

Prankt up with hazel-rod and corduroys,

Who, stealing all along the grassy ledge,
Are simple fishers of the lazy Lea ;

I am not fit to seek this quiet sedge,—
The natural Walton faileth all in me !

I shy the stranger, and the idler,—I,—

I court to see the gazer pass me by ;

I shun to bait

When passing labourers wait,

I long to cross and find some friendly gate,
Or hedge.

I pause—and fret—and drain my leathern cup,

And put my tackle up !

How is't that all my simple arts and joys

Descend upon these boys ?

Do make me, Walton, like thee, meek and mild—

Pure as a man and happy as a child.

JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.



NORA CREINA.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth !
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;
Few its looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises !
Oh ! my Nora Creina, dear !
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina !
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it ;
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it !
O ! my Nora's gown for me
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as heaven pleases !
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear !
My simple graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness,
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?
Pillowed on my Nora's heart
In safer slumber love reposes,
Bed of peace ! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear !
My mild, my artless Nora Creina !
Wit, though bright,
Hath not the light
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

THOMAS MOORE.



HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

INJURED, hopeless, faint and weary,
Sad, indignant, and forlorn,
Through the desert wild and dreary,
Hagar leads the child of scorn.

Who can speak a mother's anguish,
Painted in that tearless eye,
Which beholds her darling languish,—
Languish unrelieved and die ?

Lo ! the empty pitcher fails her,
Perishing with thirst he lies ;
Death with deep despair assails her,
Piteously for aid he cries.

From the dreadful image flying,
Wild she rushes from the sight ;
In the agonies of dying
Can she see her soul's delight.

Now bereft of every hope,
Cast upon the burning ground ;
Poor abandoned soul, look up,
Mercy have thy sorrows found !

Lo ! the angel of the Lord
Comes thy great distress to cheer ;
Listen to the gracious word,
See, divine relief is near !

Care of Heaven, though man forsake thee,
Wherefore vainly dost thou mourn ?
From thy dream of woe awake thee,
To thy rescued child return.

Lift thine eyes, behold yon fountain,
Sparkling 'mid those fruitful trees ;
Lo ! beneath yon sheltering mountain
Smile for the green bowers of ease.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

In the hour of sore affliction
God hath seen and pitied thee ;
Cheer thee in the sweet conviction,
Thou henceforth His care shall be.

Be no more by doubts distressed,
Mother of a mighty race !
By contempt no more oppressed,
Thou hast found a resting-place.

Thus from peace and comfort driven,
Thou, poor soul, all desolate,
Hopeless lay, till pitying Heaven
Found thee in thy abject state.

O'er thine empty pitcher mourning
'Mid the desert of the world ;
Thus with shame and anguish burning,
From thy cherished pleasures hurled.

See, thy great Deliverer nigh
Calls thee from thy sorrow vain ;
Bids thee on His love rely,
Bless the salutary pain.

From thine eyes the mists dispelling,
Lo ! the well of life He shows,
In His presence ever dwelling,
Bids thee find thy true repose.

Future prospects rich in blessing,
Open to thy hopes secure ;
Sure of endless joys possessing,
Of a heavenly kingdom sure.

MARY TIGHE.



Figure 1. A woman reclining on a sofa, holding a book, with two children sitting beside her.

J. E. 1873

INDOLENCE.

INDOLENT ! indolent !—Yes, I am indolent :
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly,—
So is the violet fragrant and lowly,
Drinking in quietness, peace, and content ;—
So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
Idly his carol of gratitude singing,
Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent ! indolent !—Yes, I am indolent :
So is the cloud overhanging the mountain,
So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
Uttering softly its eloquent psalm ;
Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
Silent as blossoms the night dew is closing,
But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent ! indolent !—Yes, I am indolent,
If it be idle to gather my pleasure
Out of creation's uncoveted treasure,
Midnight and morning,—by forest and sea,—
Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation,
Lonely in autumn's forlorn lamentation,
Hopeful and happy with spring and the bee.

Indolent ! indolent !—Are ye not indolent,
Thralls of the earth and its usages weary,—
Toiling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary,
Toiling and sinning to heap up your gold ;
Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion,
Crushing the freshness of every emotion,
Hearts like the dead, that are pulseless and cold ?

Indolent ! indolent !—Art thou not indolent,
Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
Wrapp'd in a pall that will cover thee only,
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost ?
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping,
Art thou not indolent ?—Art thou not lost ?

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

S OOTH 'twere a pleasant life to lead,
With nothing in the world to do,
But just to blow a shepherd's reed
The silent seasons through ;
And just to drive a flock to feed, —
Sheep, quiet, fond, and few.

Pleasant to lie beside a brook
And count the bubbles (love worlds) there ;
To muse upon some minstrel's book,
Or watch the haunted air ; —
To slumber in some leafy nook,
Or — idle anywhere.

And then, a draught of nature's wine,
A meal of summer's daintiest fruit ;
To take the air with forms divine—
Clouds silvery, cool, and mute ;
Descending, if the night be fine,
In a star-parachute.

Give me to muse an idle hour,
And let the world go dine and dress ;
For love can in the lowliest flower
Find something meant to bless.
If Life 's a flower, I choose my own,—
'Tis "Love in Idleness."

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

SUMMER IDLENESS.

O N my hot brow diffuse, delicious breeze,
The coolness of thy breath, whilst here I lie
In the fresh shadow of the flickering trees,
Gloom on the grass, but glory in the sky ;
And mix with idlesse a calm dignity
Which finds a moral in the slightest thing—
The whisper of a leaf, a lulling fly ;
All changes which the cuckoo seasons bring,
Is to draw bliss from toil, sounds from a tuneless spring.

JEREMIAH HOLMES WIFFEN.



THE LOVERS.

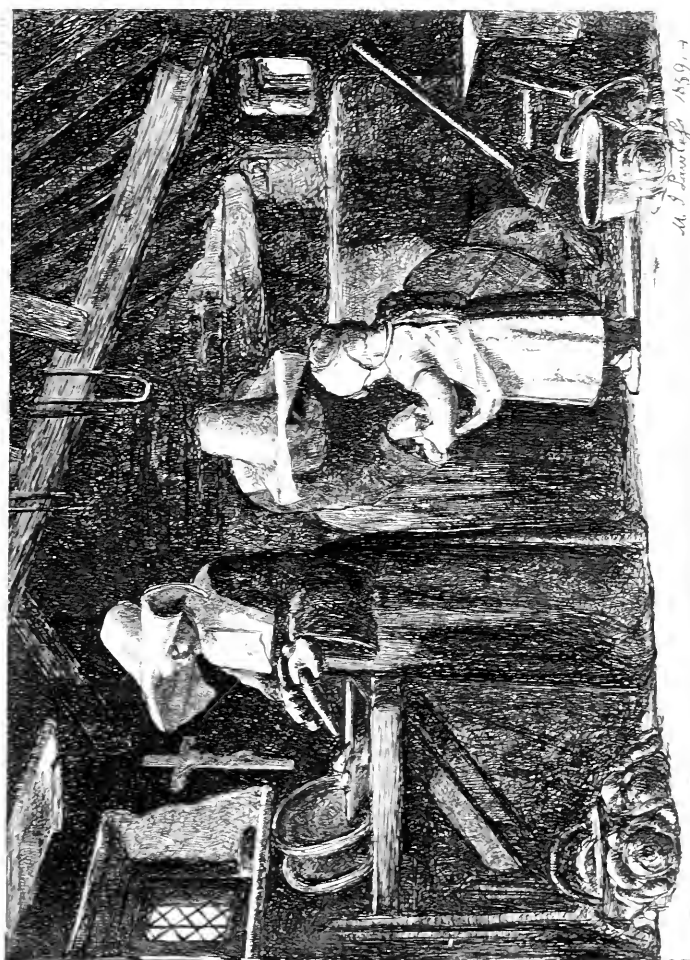
MARION ! why that pensive brow ?
What disgust to life hast thou ?
Change that discontented air,
Frowns become not one so fair ;
'Tis not love disturbs thy rest—
Love 's a stranger to thy breast.
He in dimpling smiles appears,
Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,
Or bends the languid eyelid down,
But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
Then resume thy former fire,
Some will love, and all admire ;
While that icy aspect chills us,
Nought but cool indifference thrills us.
Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
Smile at least, or seem to smile.
Eyes like thine were never meant
To hide their orbs in dark restraint ;
Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Marion, adieu ! oh, prythee slight not
This warning, though it may delight not ;
And, lest my precepts be displeasing
To those who think remonstrance teasing,
At once I'll tell thee our opinion
Concerning woman's soft dominion ;
Howe'er we gaze with admiration
On eyes of blue or lips' carnation ;
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
Howe'er those beauties may distract us ;
Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
These cannot fix our souls to love :
It is not too severe a stricture
To say they form a pretty picture ;
But wouldst thou see the secret chain
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you queen of all creation,
Know, in a word,—'tis Animation !

LORD BYRON.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine ;
Before I let thy future give
Colour and form to mine :
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul this night for me.
I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret ;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet ;
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee ?
Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine ?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost !
Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole :
Let no false pity spare the blow, but, in true mercy, tell me so.
Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil ?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still ?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.
Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange ?
It may not be thy fault alone,—but shield my heart against thy own.
Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou,—had been to blame ;
Some soothe their conscience thus ; but thou, oh, surely thou, wilt
warn me now.
Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late ;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my fate :—
Whatever on my heart may fall,—remember, I *would* risk it all.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.



—A. J. P. 1859.—



THE SISTER OF MERCY.

SHE once was a lady of honour and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health ;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold :
Joy revelled around her, love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride ;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for a suffering race ;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered, " I come !"
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride ;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she bartereth for Heaven the glory of Earth !

Her down-bed a pallet, her trinkets a bead ;
Her lustre a taper that serves her to read ;
Her sculpture the crucifix nailed by her bed ;
Her paintings one print of the thorn-circled head ;
Her cushion the pavement that wearies her knees ;
Her music the psalm or the sigh of disease ;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Unshrinking where Pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she glides 'mid the vapour of death ;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord !
Ye prying philosophers, self-seeking men,
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the " faith " and " good works " of that heaven-
minded maid !

GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

NEVER did Beauty in its loftiest pride,
A splendour boast that may compare with thine ;
Thus bending low yon sufferer's bed beside,
Thy graces mortal, but thy cares divine.

Leaving, perhaps, some gay and happy home,
Musie's rich tones, the rose's odorous breath ;
Throughout the crowded Lazar-house to roam,
And pierce the haunts of pestilence and death.

For ever gliding with a noiseless tread,
As loth to break the pain-worn slumberer's rest ;
To smooth the pillow, raise the drooping head,
And pour thy balsam on the bleeding breast.

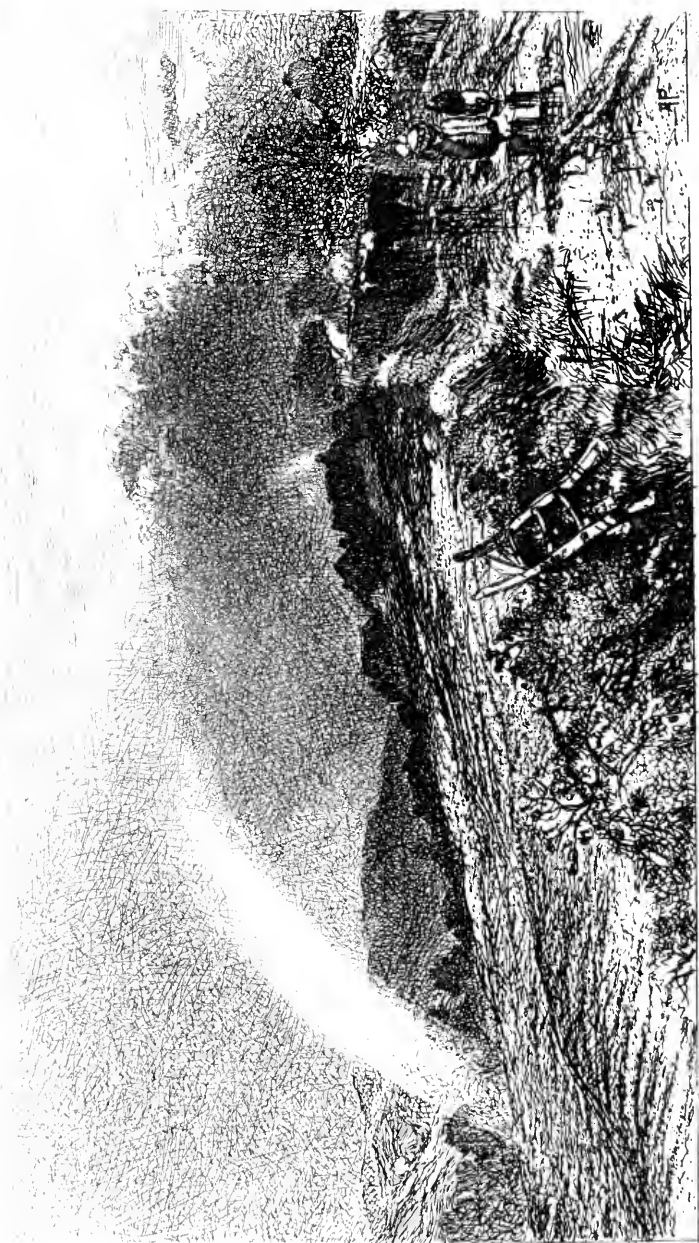
No matter who, so he thy service need,
No matter what the suppliant's claim may be ;
Thou dost not ask his country or his creed,—
To know he suffers is enough for thee.

By many a faint and feeble murmur led,
A willing slave where'er the wretched call ;
I see thee softly flit from bed to bed,
Each wish forestalling, bearing balm to all.

Performing humblest offices of love
For them who know no human love beside ;
Still on thy healing way in mercy move,—
Daughter of Pity, thus for ever glide.

Long mayst thou live the cherished badge,
Whose snow-white folds might dignify a Queen ;
To fainting souls your cup of life to bear,
And be the angels ye have ever been.

ALARIC A. WATTS.



THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art :

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamed of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant, thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth, delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

THE RAINBOW.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam ;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshened fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town ;
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the Ark
First sported in thy beam ;

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span ;
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to Man.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE EVENING RAINBOW.

MILD arch of promise, on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray,
Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee, for the sky,
Changeful and many weathered, seemed to smile,
Flashing brief splendour through the clouds awhile,
Which deepened dark anon and fell in rain ;
But pleasant is it now to pause and view
Thy varied tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.
Such is the smile that Piety bestows
On the good man's pale cheek when he in peace,
Departing gently from a world of woes,
Anticipates the world where sorrows cease.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



THE GREAT EASTERN STEAMSHIP CO. LTD. LONDON. THE GREAT EASTERN STEAMSHIP CO. LTD. LONDON.

THE WRECK.

THE storm is loosed and tracks her way, that lone and laden
ship,
Like a wroth and meagre bandog from his iron leash let slip ;
The steersman at the stubborn helm exerts his utmost might,
But the snow-fleece slanteth to his brow, and dims his eager sight.

She driveth on as an eagle would when the lightnings follow him,
And plungeth down till her decks are charged up to the very brim ;
And her ports drink in the foaming brine, a dark and maddening
stream,
With a gurgling sound and the moan of one who dreams a fearful
dream !

Midnight is at her revel wild, that veiled mysterious one ;
She hath gathered the stars into her lap, and lendeth unto none
The wonted light that lately grew upon her silver hair,
When the moon drew from her orient shell the life that lingered
there !

There are lantern lights astern within that lonely ship I wist,
And they flicker through the spray afar like faint-fires in a mist ;
And on the rent and flapping sails a fitful glare they throw,
That mocks the dance of a demon throng on the wild waves below.

She hurries on with the maddened march of some disastered king,
The ermine of whose regal robes abroad the breezes fling,
When the tread of traitors followeth him with wild avenging wrath,
And with lifted brands and muttered oaths they dog his desperate
path.

Hark to the crushing of her masts,—the spar, and helm, and sail,
Are borne away in the wrathful swirl of that relentless gale ;
And from her broad and battered side each struggling plank is reft,
Till there is not a shred of her bravery on that dark wild ocean left !

THOMAS TOD STODDART.

THE LEE SHORE.

SLEET, and hail, and thunder !
And ye winds that rave
Till the sands thereunder
Tinge the sullen wave ;—

Winds that like a Demon
Howl with horrid note
Round the toiling seaman
In his tossing boat ;—

From his humble dwelling
On the shingly shore,
Where the billows swelling
Keep such hollow roar ;—

From that weeping woman,
Seeking with her cries
Succour superhuman
From the frowning skies ;

From the urchin pining
For his father's knee ;
From the lattice shining,
Drove him out to sea !

Let broad leagues dis sever
Him from yonder foam ;
O God, to think man ever
Should come too near his home !

THOMAS HOOD.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S Love, how sweet the name !
What *is* a mother's love ?—
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above ;
To bless a heart of earthly mould,
The warmest love that *can* grow cold :
This is a Mother's Love !

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born ;
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone :
This is a Mother's Love !

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire ;
To smile and listen while it talks,
To lend a finger when it walks :
This is a Mother's Love !

Blest infant ! whom his mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And poured upon his dawning thought
The Day-spring of the Word ;
This was the lesson to her Son,—
Time is eternity begun :
Behold that Mother's Love !*

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

* 2 Tim. i. 5, and iii. 14, 15.

THE INFANT'S KISS.

IF in this world of breathing harm,
There lurk one universal charm,
One power which, to no clime confined,
Sways either sex and every mind ;
Which cheers the monarch on his throne,
The slave beneath the torrid zone,
The soldier rough, the lettered sage,
And careless youth and helpless age,
And all that live and breathe and move,—
'Tis the pure kiss of infant love.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

DOMESTIC Love ! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide ;
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide ;
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed ;
And many a bird to warble on the wing,
When morn her saffron robe on heaven and earth doth fling.

O love of loves ! to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key ;
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee ;—
And thine the voice that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit, I've built a shrine ; and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed, for ever closed, thy plume.

GEORGE CROLY.



THE CAVE OF THE WINDS, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND.



THE ELM TREE.

THE Woodman's heart is in his work,
His axe is sharp and good ;
With sturdy arm and steady aim
He smites the gaping wood ;
From distant rocks his lusty knocks
Re-echo many a rood.

His axe is keen, his arm is strong,
The muscles serve him well ;
His years have reached an extra span,—
Their number none can tell ;
But still his life-long task has been
The timber-tree to fell.

And yonder blasted Elm, that stands
So like a man of sin,
Who frantic flings his arms abroad
To feel the worm within ;
For all that gesture so intense,
It makes no sort of din.

An universal silence reigns
In rugged bark or peel,
Except that very trunk which rings
Beneath the biting steel :
Meanwhile the woodman plies his axe
With unrelenting zeal.

Stroke after stroke, with frequent dint,
He spreads the fatal gash,
Till, oh ! the remnant fibres rend
With harsh and sudden crash ;
And on the dull resounding turf
The jarring branches lash.

A goodly Elm of noble girth,
That thrice the human span—
Whilst on their variegated course
The constant seasons ran—
Through gale and hail and fiery bolt,
Had stood erect as man.

THE ELM TREE.

But now, like mortal Man himse'f,
Struck down by the hand of God,
Or heathen idol tumbled prone,
Beneath the Eternal's nod,
In all its giant bulk and length
It lies along the sod !

And now the forest trees may grieve,
And make a common moan,
Around that patriarchal trunk
So newly overthrown ;
And, with a murmur, recognise
A doom to be their own.

The echo sleeps ; the idle axe,
A disregarded tool,
Lies crushing with its passive weight
The toad's reputed stool ;
The woodman wipes his dewy brow
Within the shadow's cool.

The deed is done ; the tree is low
That stood so long and firm ;
The woodman and his axe are gone,
His toil has found its term ;
And where he wrought, the speckled thrush
Securely hunts the worm !

THOMAS HOOD.



RUSTIC WONDER.

HIS wonder still was mixed with equal awe,
There was a magic in the things he saw ;
Oft standing still, with open mouth and eyes
Turned here and there alarmed, as one who tries
To escape from something strange that would before him rise.
The wall would part, and beings without name
Would come—for such to his adventures came ;
Hence undefined and solemn terror pressed
Upon his mind, and all his powers possessed.
All he had heard of magic, every charm,
Were he alone, might come and do him harm.
Much had he seen, and everything he saw
Excited pleasure not unmixed with awe ;
Leaving each room, he turned as if once more
To enjoy the pleasure that he felt before.
Come, let us forward, and he walked in haste
To a large room, itself a work of taste ;
But chiefly valued for the things that drew
The eyes of Peter—this indeed was new ;
Was most imposing ; Books of every kind
Were there disposed, the food for every mind.
Perplexed, he cast around his wondering eyes,
Still in his joy, and dumb in his surprise.
But wonder ceases on continued view,
And the Boy keen for close inspection grew ;
Prints on the table he at first surveyed,
Then to the Books his full attention paid.
Fixing on one with prints of every race,
Of beast and bird most rare in every place ;
Serpents, the giants of their tribe, whose prey
Are giants too—a wild ox once a day ;
Here the fierce tiger, and the desert's kings,
And all that move on feet, or fins, or wings.

GEORGE CRAEBE.

TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

AND thou hast walked about—how strange a story!—
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago!
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And Time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak, for thou long enough hast acted Dummy!
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune!
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the Moon;
Not like thin ghosts, or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us,—for doubtless thou canst recollect,—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops, or Cephrenés, architect
Of either Pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

Statue of flesh!—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence;
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning!
Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption must our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.



PAINTING.

O THOU by whose expressive art
Her perfect image Nature sees,
In union with the Graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please !

In whose creative hand the hues
Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine ;
I bless the Promethéan muse !
And hail thee brightest of the Nine !

Possessing more than vocal power,
Persuasive more than poet's tongue ;
Whose lineage in a raptured hour,
From Love, the Sire of Nature, sprung ;

Does Hope her high possession meet,---
Is Joy triumphant, Sorrow flown !
Sweet is the trance, the tremour sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

But oh ! thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part ;
Lone absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy to light
In Memory's sad and wakeful eye !
O banish from the noon of night
Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall Song its witching cadence roll !
Yea, e'en the tenderest air repeat,
That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat !

What visions rise, to charm, to melt !
The lost, the loved, the dead are near !
Oh, hush that strain too deeply felt !
And cease that solace too severe !

PALNUNG.

But thou serenely-silent art !
By Heaven and Love both taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost ! if yet possessed,
To me that sweet memorial shine ;
If close and closer to my breast
I hold the image all divine ;

Or, gazing through luxurious tears,
Melt o'er the loved departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears
With life and speech and spirit warm.

She looks, she lives ! this tranced hour,
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or glory's starry diadem.

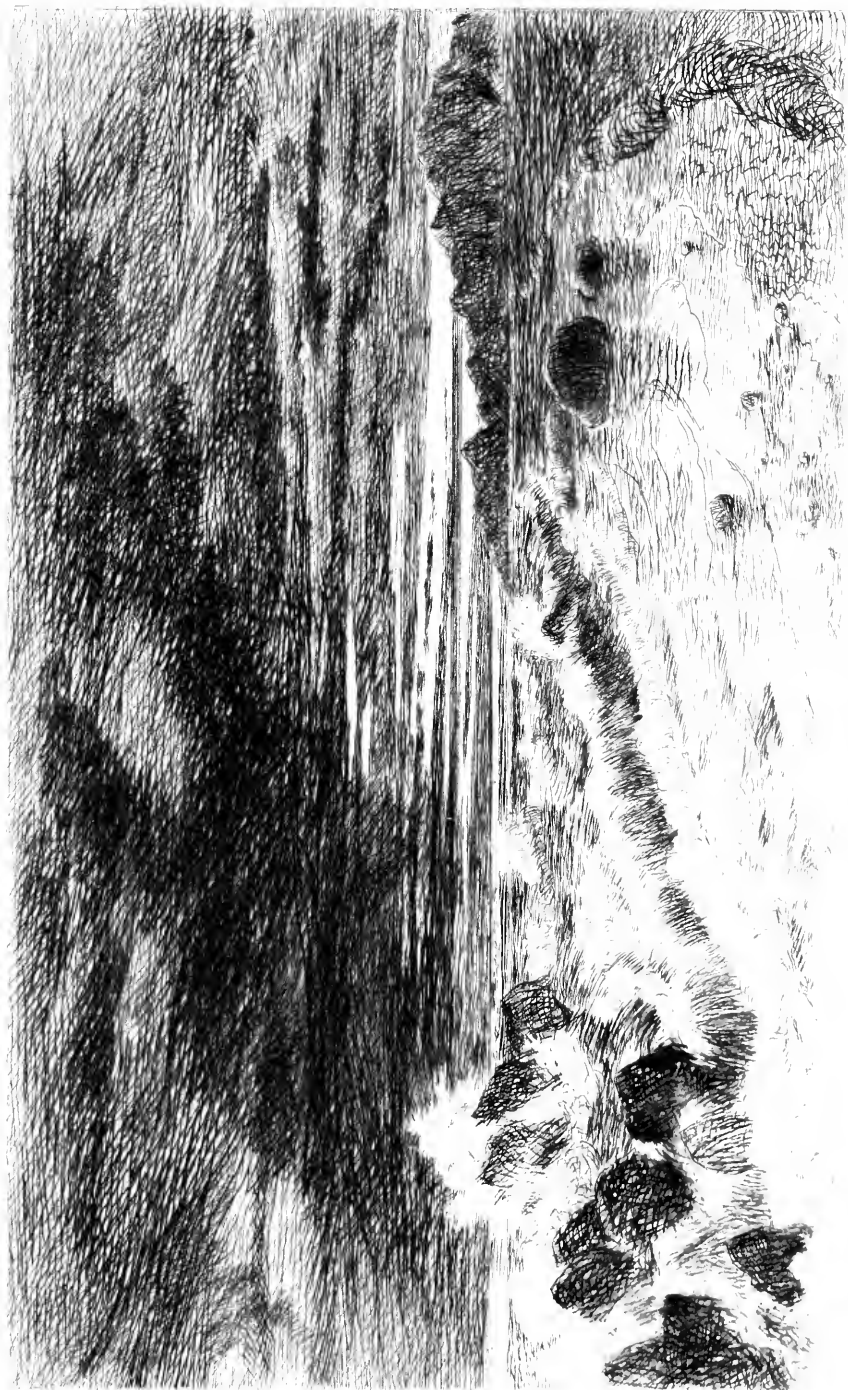
Yes, Genius, yes ! thy mimic aid
A treasure to my soul has given,
Where beauty's canonized shade
Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled
Thy softening, sweetening tints restore,
For thou canst give us back the dead
Even in the loveliest garb she wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse,
Whose hand her perished grace redeems,
Whose tablet of a thousand hues,
The mirror of creation seems.

From Love began thy high descent,
And lovers charmed by gifts of thine
Shall bless thee mutely eloquent,
And hail thee brightest of the Nine.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



THE LAST GLEAM OF DAY.

THE sun has sunk, his joyous course is o'er,
And Night creeps on the unwilling world once more ;
Beneath the wave declined, but not to rest,
For distant nations greet their welcome guest ;
There morning glows, whilst here it is not night,
And round the wide world spreads the realm of light ;
O'er all the sky his blushing beams are thrown,
The ocean smiles in glory not its own,
Heaven weeps in dews o'er all the joys he shed,
And light still lingers though the Sun be fled.
So Hope, when banished from her favourite home,
The youthful heart, is forced for peace to roam,
Deals not a sudden death-blow to the breast,
But spreads her wing, and leaves to Time the rest ;
Still shines the soil where late her foot hath trod,
And airs of heaven perfume her late abode.
The hues she lent still linger o'er the scene,
Like beauty on the lips where death hath been ;
But soon we mourn the kindly beam that shone,
Night comes apace, her deity is gone ;
Thick, chilling mists freeze up the shivering soul,
And clouds on clouds their darker influence roll,—
Unlike the Sun, Hope lights no brightening star
To cheer our night when she is wandering far ;
Creation smiles while yet endures her reign,—
That o'er, she sets, and rises not again !

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

TWILIGHT.

I LOVE thee, Twilight ! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart ;
When o'er the harp of Thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And Hope and Memory sweep the chords by turns ;
While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
Twilight, I love thee ; let thy glooms increase
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace ;
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the poet's breast ;
Deeper, O Twilight ! then thy shadows roll,
An awful vision opens on my soul.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TWILIGHT.

HAIL, Twilight ! sovereign of one peaceful hour !
Not dull art thou as undiscerning Night ;
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient Power !
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower
To the rude Briton, when in wolfskin vest,
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
The self-same vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power, brought forth ;
These mighty barriers and the gulf between ;
The floods, the stars ;—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



Die Wälder bei der Burg zu Hildesheim



Die Wälder bei der Burg zu Hildesheim

A SPRING MORNING.

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,—
There are forty feeding like one,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SPRING.

'TIS sweet in the green spring
To gaze upon the wakening fields around,
Birds in the thickets sing ;
Winds whisper, waters prattle from the ground,
A thousand odours rise,
Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand dyes.

Shadowy and close and cool,
The pine and poplar keep their quiet nook ;
For ever fresh and full,
Shines at their feet the thirst-inviting brook ;
And the soft herbage seems
Spread for a place of banquets and of dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A SPRING MORNING.

FLED now the sullen murmurs of the North,
The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth !
Her universal green, and the clear sky
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.
Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,
Shoots up the simple flower or creeps along

A SPRING MORNING.

The mellowed soil ; imbibing fairer hues
Or sweets from frequent showers and evening dews
All unassisted through each toilsome day,
With smiling brow the ploughman cleaves his way ;
Draws his fresh parallels, and widening still,
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill ;
Strong on the wing his busy followers play
Where writhing earthworms meet the unwelcome day,
Till all is changed, and hill and level down
Assume a livery of sober brown :
Again disturbed, when Giles with wearying strides
From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides,
His heels deep sinking every step he goes,
Till dirt adhesive loads his clouted shoes ;
Welcome green headland firm beneath his feet,
Welcome the friendly bank's refreshing seat ;
There, warm with toil, his panting horses browse,
Their sheltering canopy green pendent boughs ;
Till rest delicious chase each transient pain,
And new-born vigour swell in every vein ;
Till every clod and deep-drawn furrow spreads
To crumbling mould ; a level surface clear,
And strewn with corn to crown the rising year ,
And o'er the whole, Giles once transverse, again
In earth's moist bosom buries up the grain.
The work is done ; no more to man is given ;
The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

ABOVE the russet clods the corn is seen
Sprouting in spiry points of tender green,
Where squats the hare, to terrors wide awake,
Like some brown clod the harrow failed to break.
The lark above her nest with happy wings
Winnows the air till in the cloud she sings,
Then hangs a dim spot in the sunny skies,
And drops and drops till in her nest she lies,
Which, moist and sparkling with the dews of morn,
Lies safely with the leveret in the corn.

JOHN CLARE.



The Tree of Life, by J. H. P., by Day & Son, Lith. to the Queen.

THE OAK.

ROUND thee, alas, no shadows move !
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe !
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,
Once did the eagle scream above,
And the wolf howl beneath.

There once the steel-clad knight reclined,
His sable plumage tempest-tossed ;
And as the death-bell smote the wind
From towers long fled by human kind,
His brow the hero crossed.

Then culture came, and days serene,
And village sports and garlands gay,
Full many a pathway crossed the green,
And maids and shepherd youths were seen
To celebrate the May.

Father of many a forest deep,
Whence many a navy, thunder-fraught,
Erst in thine acorn-cells asleep,
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep,
Opening new spheres of thought.

Wont in the night of woods to dwell,
The holy Druid saw thee rise ;
And planting there the guardian spell
Sang forth the dreadful pomp to swell
Of human sacrifice.

Thy singèd top and branches bare,
Now straggle in the evening sky ;
And the wan moon wheels round to glare
On the lone corse that shivers there,
Of him who came to die.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE OAK OF THE FOREST.

ALAS for the Oak of our Fathers, that stood,
In its beauty the glory and pride of the wood !
It grew and it flourished for many an age,
And many a tempest wreaked on it its rage ;
But when its strong branches were bent by the blast,
It struck its roots deeper and flourished more fast ;
Its head towered on high, and its branches spread round,
For its roots had struck deep, and its heart was sound ;
The bees o'er its honey-dewed foliage played,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade.

The Oak of our Fathers to Freedom was dear,
Its leaves formed her crown, and its wood was her spear ;
Alas ! for the Oak of our Fathers that stood
In its beauty the glory and pride of the wood ;
Then crept up an ivy and clung round the trunk,
It struck in its mouths and the juices it drunk ;
The branches grew sickly, deprived of their food,
And the Oak was no longer the pride of the wood.

The Foresters mourned as they gathered around,—
The roots still were fast, and the heart still was sound
They lopped off the boughs that so verdantly spread,
But the ivy they spared, on its vitals that fed ;
No longer the bees o'er its honey-dews played,
Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its shade ;
Lopped and mangled the tree in its ruin is seen,
A monument now what its beauty has been.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



Illustration of the "Lord Merc upon us" sign, from the "Punch" magazine, 1880.

THE PLAGUE OF LONDON, 1665.

“ This day, much against my will, I did, in Drury Lane, see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and ‘ Lord, have mercy upon us,’ writ there.”—*Pepys's Diary*.

KNOW ye what you will meet with in the city ?
Together will ye walk through long, long streets,
All standing silent as a midnight church.
You will hear nothing but the brown-red grass
Rustling beneath your feet ; the very beating
Of your own hearts will awe you ; the small voice
Of that vain bauble, idly counting time,
Will speak a solemn language in the desert.
Look up to Heaven, and there the sultry clouds,
Still threatening thunder, lower with grim delight,
As if the Spirit of the Plague dwelt there !
Know ye that hideous hubbub ? Hark, far off
A tumult like an echo ! on it comes
Weeping and wailing, shrieks and groaning prayer,
And, louder than all, outrageous blasphemy.
The passing storm hath left the silent streets ;
But are these houses near you tenantless ?
Over your heads from a window, suddenly
A ghastly face is thrust, and yells of death
With voice scarce human. Who is he that flies
As if a demon dogged him on his path ?
With ragged hair, white face, and bloodshot eyes,
Raving he rushes past you, till he falls,
As if struck down by lightning, on the stones ;
Or in blind madness dashed against the wall,
Sinks backward into stillness. Stand aloof
And let the Pest's triumphal chariot
Have open way advancing to the tomb !
See how he mocks the pomp and pageantry
Of earthly kings. A miserable cart
Heaped up with human bodies ; dragged along
By shrunk steeds, skeleton anatomies !
And onwards urged by a wan, meagre wretch,
Doomed never to return from the foul pit,
Whither with oaths he drives his load of horror.
Would you look in ? Grey hairs and golden tresses,
Wan, shrivelled cheeks, that have not smiled for years.

And many a rosy visage smiling still ;
Bodies in the noisome weeds of beggary wrapped,
With age decrepit, wasted to the bone ;
And youthful frames august and beautiful
In spite of mortal pangs,—there lie they all
Embraced in ghastliness ! But look not long,
For haply 'mid the faces glimmering there,
The well-known cheek of some beloved friend
Will meet thy gaze, or some small snow-white hand,
Bright with the ring that holds her lover's hair.

JOHN WILSON.

SCENE OF THE PLAGUE.

AT first I only buried one, and she was borne along
By kindred mourners to her grave with sacred rite and song ;
At first they sent for me to pray beside the bed of death ;
They blessed their household, and they breathed prayers with their
latest breath.

But then men died more rapidly, they had not time to pray ;
And from the pillow Love had smoothed they fled in fear away,
And then there came the fastened door, and then the guarded
street ;
Friends in the distance watched for friends ; watched that they might
not meet.

And Terror by the hearth stood cold, and rent all natural ties,
And men upon the bed of death met only stranger eyes.
The nurse and guard, stern, harsh, and wan, remained unpitying by ;
They had known such deep misery, they did not fear to die.

Heavily rang the old church bells, but no one came to prayer :
The weeds were growing in the street,—Silence and Fate were there ;
O'er the first grave by which I stood, tears fell and flowers were
strown.

The last grave held six hundred lives, and there I stood alone !

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.



NEARING HOME.

“ Pass we the long unvarying course, the track,—
The track oft trod, that leaves no trace behind ;
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well-known caprice of wave and wind ;
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Cooped in their winged sea-girt citadel ;
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall, and billows swell,
Till on some day, lo ! land, and all is well.”—*Childe Harold*, c. ii.

WHO has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam !
Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our bark may come ;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home !

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most when evening star
Smiles o'er the wave ?—To dream of home.
Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
At that sweet hour around him come ;
His heart's best joy where'er he roves,
That dream of home, that dream of home !

THOMAS MOORE.

H O M E.

THERE is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth ;
The wandering mariner whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride ;
While in his softened looks benignly blend,
The sire, the son, the brother, husband, friend :
Here Woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delighted eye,
An angel-guard of Love and Graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
Art thou a man—a patriot ? Look around ;
And thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



THE PEDLAR.

A VAGRANT merchant bent beneath his load !
Yet do such travellers find their own delight ;
And their hard service, deemed debasing now,
Gained merited respect in simpler times ;
When Squire and Priest, and they who round them dwelt
In rustic sequestration,—all dependent
Upon the Pedlar's toil, supplied their wants,
Or pleased their fancies with the wares he brought.
He wandered far ; much did he see of men,
Their manners, their enjoyments and pursuits,
Their passions and their feelings : chiefly those
Essential and eternal in the heart,
That mid the simpler forms of rural life
Exist more simple in their elements,
And speak a plainer language. In the woods
A lone enthusiast, and among the fields
Itinerant in this labour, he had passed
The better portion of his time ; and there
Spontaneously had his affections thriven
Amid the beauties of the year, the peace
And liberty of Nature ; there he kept,
In solitude and solitary thought,
His mind in a just equipoise of love.
Serene it was, unclouded by the cares
Of ordinary life ; unvexed, unwarped
By partial bondage. In his steady course
No piteous revolutions had he felt,
No wild varieties of joy and grief.
He had no painful pressure from without
That made him turn aside from wretchedness
With coward fears. He could afford to suffer
With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came
That in our best experience he was rich,
And in the wisdom of our daily life ;
For hence, minutely in his various rounds
He had observed the progress and decay
Of many minds, of minds and bodies too ;
The history of many families,
How they had prospered, how they were o'erthrown
By passion or mischance, or such misrule
Among the unthinking masters of the earth
As makes the nations groan.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE HEBREW'S APPEAL.

C EASE, Christian, cease the words of scorn
On Israel's name, on Judah's race ;
Though lowly, humbled, and forlorn,
They have no home, no resting-place ;
Deem not the Hebrew's soul so dead,
So abject that he cannot know,
Musing o'er Salem's glory fled,
The tear of shame, the pang of woe.

Oh ! think upon the severed wave,
Obedient to the Prophet's word,
On that dread law Jehovah gave,
When Sinai trembled with the Lord.
Forget them not, our favoured sires,
Led through the desert, bondage free ;
By noontide cloud, and midnight fires,
Their Guardian-guide, the Deity.

Boast ye of Britain rich and great,
Her beauties do ye fondly tell ?
Such once was Zion's palmy state,
So fair thy tents, O Israel !
Her merchants were the chiefs of earth,
Her vessels thronged the eastern sea ;
And Salem gloried in the worth
Of Ophir, Indus, Araby.

Virgin of Israel ! yet once more,
Encircled by the choral throng,
Yet shalt thou lead the dance, and pour
To tabret notes a joyful song.
Once more, once more, exultingly,
From holy Ephraim's mountain ward
Shall Jacob hear the watchman's cry,
" Arise ! and let us seek the Lord ! "

ANONYMOUS.



Engraving published December 1st 1861, by Day & Son, Lith. to the Queen

A GLEN.

TO whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living thing !
Calm, as the infant at the breast,
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,—
That streamlet's murmuring !

The heavens appear to love this vale ;
There clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,
Or 'mid the silence lie !
By that blue arch this beauteous earth,
'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,
Seems bound unto the sky.

Oh ! that this lovely vale were mine !
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years would gently glide ;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious heaven,
A piety sublime ;
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make in this deep solitude
Eternity of time !

And did I ask to whom belonged
This vale ? I feel that I have wronged
Nature's most gracious soul !
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children from their birth
Are joint-heirs of the whole.

Yea ! long as Nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amid the skies !

JOHN WILSON.

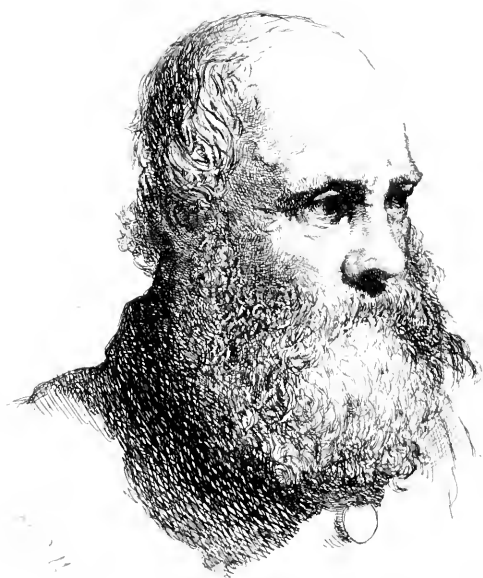
THE GLEN.

NOW wind we up the glen, and hear below
The dashing torrent in deep woods concealed,
And now again white-flashing on the view
O'er the huge craggy fragments. Ancient stream,
That murmurest through the mountain solitudes,
The time has been when no eye marked thy course
Save His who made the world. Fancy might dream
She saw thee thus bound on from age to age,
Unseen of man, while awful Nature sat
On the rent rocks and said : "These haunts be mine."
Now taste has marked thy features ; here and there
Touching with tender hand, but injuring not
Thy beauties : whilst along thy woody verge
Ascends the winding pathway, and the eye
Catches at intervals thy varied falls.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Not a breath of air
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen ;
From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees
Are steadfast as the rocks ; the brook itself,
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
Where all things else are still and motionless ;
And yet, even now, a little breeze perchance
Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,
Has entered, by the sturdy oak unfelt ;
But to its gentle touch how sensitive
Is the light ash, that pendent from the brow
Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
A soft eye-music of slow waving boughs,
Powerful almost as vocal harmony
'To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



H.C. Winton
En. Published December 1st 1861, by Day & Son, Lith to the Queen

YOUTH AND AGE.

“ Till youth’s delirious dream is o’er,
Sanguine with hope we look before
The future good to find ;
In age, when error charms no more,
For bliss we look behind.”—*James Montgomery.*

DAYS of my youth, ye have glided away ;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and grey ;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more ;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o’er ;
Strength of my youth, all your vigour is gone ;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall ;
Hours of my youth, I’m content ye should fall ;
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen ;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears have you been ;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray ;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay !

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past ;
Pains of my age, but awhile ye can last ;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight ;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light ;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod ;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

THE HON. ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

OLD AGE.

THOU anti-climax in life’s wrinkled page,
Worse end of bad beginning, helpless Age !
That sow’st the thorn, though long the flower hath fled ;
Alive to torment, but to transport dead ;
Imposing still through Time’s still roughening road,
With strength diminished, an augmented load.
Slow herald of the tomb ! sent but to make
Man curse that giftless gift thou wilt not take :
When hope and patience both give up the strife,
Death is thy cure—for thy disease is life !

CHARLES CALEB COLTON.

YOUTH AND AGE.

WE talked with open heart and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke
And gurgled at our feet.

“ Now, Matthew,” said I, “ let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border song or catch
That suits a summer's noon.

“ Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made.”

In silence Matthew lay and eyed
The spring beneath the tree,
And thus the dear old man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee :—

“ No check, no stay, this streamlet fears—
How merrily it goes !
’Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

“ And here on this delightful day
I cannot choose but think,
How oft a vigorous man I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

“ My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

“ Thus fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the Stars ! so gentle, so benign,
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
When darkness, creeping o'er thy silver brow,
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,
Alternate empire in the shades below—
A Bard who lately near the wide-spread sea,
Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail
From the close confines of a shadowy vale.
Glory of night conspicuous, yet serene,
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
Through cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,
And all those attributes of modern grace,
In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear !
O still beloved (for thine, meek Power, are charms
That fascinate the very babe in arms,
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
Spreading his little palms in his glad mother's sight),
O still beloved, once worshipped, Time that frowns
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
Spare thy mild splendour ; still those far-shot beams
Tremble on dancing wave and rippling streams
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise
Was sung by virgin choirs in festal lays :
And through dark trials still dost thou explore
Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,
When teeming matrons—yielding to rude faith
In mysteries of birth, and life, and death,
And painful struggle and deliverance—prayed
Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.
What though the rights be swept away, the fanes
Extinct that echoed to the votive strains ;
Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot cease
Love to promote, and purity and peace ;
And Fancy unrebuked e'en yet may trace
Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.
Then, silent Monitress ! let us not be blind
To worlds unthought of till the searching mind
Of Science laid them open to mankind !

TO THE MOON.

Told also, how the voiceless heavens declare
God's glory ; and acknowledging thy share
In that blest charge ; let us, without offence
To aught of highest, holiest influence,
Receive whatever good 'twas given thee to dispense.
May sage and simple, catching with one eye
The moral intimations of the sky,
Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,
" To look on tempests and be never shaken : "
To keep with faithful step the appointed way,
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
And from example of thy monthly range,
Gently to brook decline and fatal change.
Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier scope,
Than thy revival yields for gladsome hope !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE MOON.

THE' aspiring mountains and the winding streams,
Empress of Night, are gladdened by thy beams ;
A look of thine the wilderness pervades
And penetrates the forest's inmost shades ;
Thou chequering peacefully the minster's gloom,
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb ;
Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated cell
Welcome, though silent and intangible !
And lives there one, of all that come and go,
On the great waters toiling to and fro,—
One who has watched thee at some quiet hour
Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move,
Catching the lustre they in part reprove,—
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,
And make the serious happier than the gay !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



HEN AND CHICKENS.

BEHOLD the parent hen amid her brood,
Though fledged and feathered, and well pleased to part
And straggle from her presence, still a brood,
And she herself from the maternal bond
Still undischarged ; yet doth she little more
Than move with them in tenderness and love,
A centre to the circle which they make ;
And now and then, alike from need of theirs,
And call of her own natural appetites,
She scratches, ransacks up the earth for food,
Which they partake at pleasure.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SEE, Sister, how the chickens trip,
All busy in the morn ;
Look, how their heads they dip and dip,
To peck the scattered corn.

Dear Sister, shall we shut our eyes,
And to the sight be blind ;
Nor think of HIM who food supplies
To us and all mankind.

Whether our wants be many or few,
Or fine or coarse our fare,
To Heaven's protecting love is due
The voice of praise and prayer.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE COTTAGE-HEN.

OFTEN in March the cottage-hen comes forth,
Attended by her brood, but poorly fenced
Against the eastern blast, that frequent brings
A shower of biting hail, which as it falls,
The inexperienced younglings eager chase,
And peck the pattering drops : forbid not, then,
The clamorous flock in quest of crumbs to haunt
The fireside nook. How pleasant 'tis to hear
The summoning call whene'er the prize is found !
Or see the eager mother gather in
Her tiny jostling brood beneath the chair
On which the thrifty housewife sits and spins ;
Or if to approach this citadel yon cur
Presume, then see her issue forth with plumes
All ruffled, and attack the foe, and drive
Him, howling, out of doors, drooping his tail,
And shaking, as he runs, his well-pecked ears.

JAMES GRAHAME.



THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

THE mountain breeze profusely flings
A balmy welcome from its wings,
Rich in a pure, celestial wealth,
The elastic happiness of health !
The rivulet, chafed, or gushing clear,
Salutes me with a friendly cheer ;
Inviting, as to Fancy seems,
A verse to consecrate its streams.
For God hath to the Muses given
A gift no other powers attain,
To stamp the eternity of Heaven
On earthly things that grace their strain.
Even I, the least of all their train,
In happy mood, and happier hour,
May, with a fire ne'er lit in vain,
Convey the bright, immortal dower :
Fulfilling all this lovely Spring's desire
Whose music hath awoke my slumbering lyre.

Scamander's princely waters still
Descend in song from Ida's hill,
Clearing the heroic plain,—although
His urn was shattered long ago.
The array divine of warrior kings
Drink still from Simois' sacred springs.
Gleams still Eurotas' gelid tide,
Emblem of Spartan trick and pride ;
Still ancient Tiber bursts along,
In yellow whirlpools to the sea,—
God of a people fierce and strong,
And free,—in right of Virtue free !
Is there a lip that touches thee—
Dear flood ! and owns a tyrant's sway !
A living fire that draught should be,
To melt his craven heart away !
Streams where a poet sings, or patriot bleeds,
Instinct with spirit flow, and generous deeds.

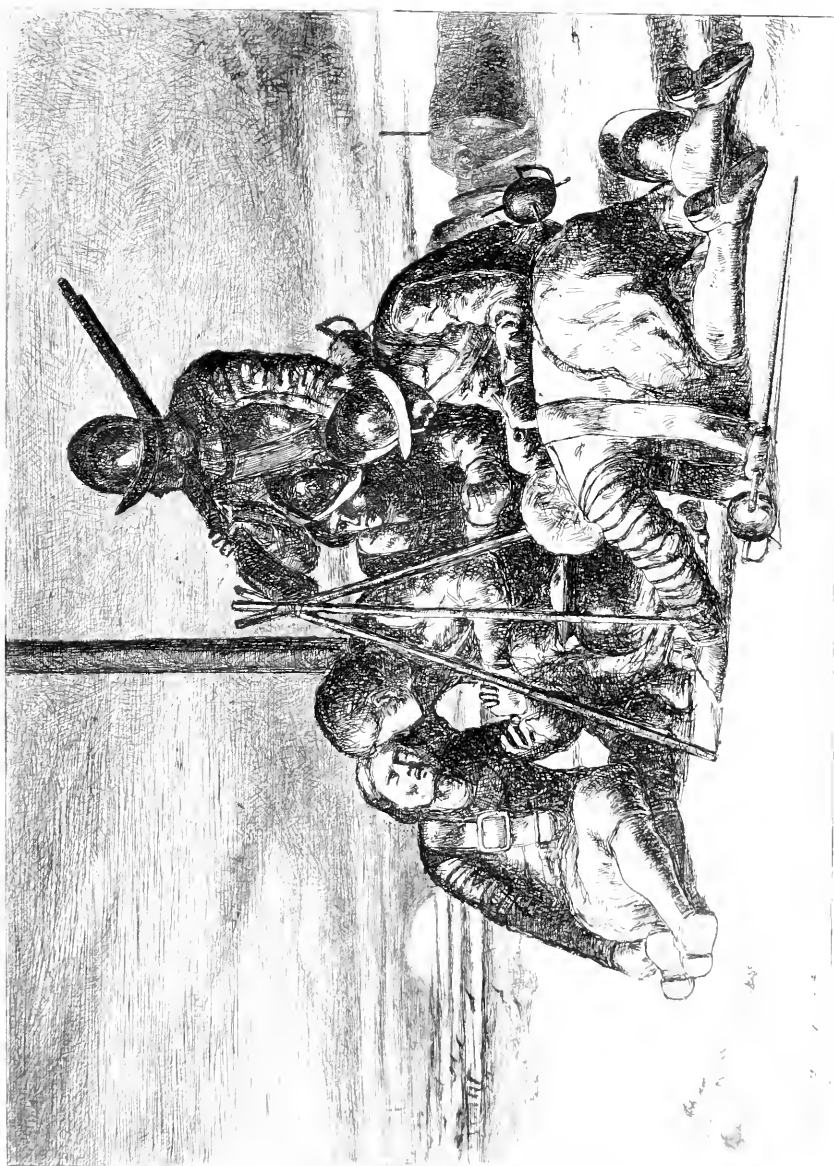
Sweet, nameless Spring ! heroic themes
Suit ill thy modest, shrinking streams.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Thy waves a quiet cave have won,
This tall rock guards thee from the sun.
Thou seest the steer or steed alone,
Refresh them from thy cup of stone.
Hear'st shepherd's reed, or lover's plaint
(Vexing thy shrubs with carvings quaint),
Nor other sights or sounds prevail,
For thou, shy fountain, hast retired,
Far up this rough untrodden vale,
As half ashamed to be admired ;
And I, an idler undesired,
Seem to disturb thy quiet cell,
With songs by OTHER TIMES inspired,
And murmurs of the classic shell.
Bear me, meek Fount ! a lone forgotten thing,
Beneath these rocks like thee to muse and sing.

Knowledge divine ! thy cheering ray,
Descending to the simple mind,
Purges all doubt and grief away,
Nor leaves one angry wish behind.
All creatures, then, of every kind,
Partake our sympathy and love,
Seem guided to the goal assigned
By HIM, dread power !—all powers above !
Spirits of hills and streams !—my teachers be,
If this high wisdom be foredoomed to me !

ANONYMOUS.



THE BIVOUAC.

THE sun has sunk beneath the sea,
His smile is fled from tower and tree,
And fast descends o'er hill and dale,
The cold night's dun and sombre veil;
Above more deeply glows the sky—
A silver spangled canopy ;
Below, o'er devious ridges, shine
Far wandering fires in many a line ;
And on the gloom around them throw
A wild and melancholy glow,
Through which you may dimly see the tents
Pitched by hostile armaments,
And the forms of men in the dusky gleam,
Like the wandering phantom shapes that seem
To glide o'er the scene of a troubled dream ;
You may hear the note of the bugle there
As it sails away through the silent air !
And the hollow roll of the distant drum,
And of their hosts the dying hum.
You may hear the song of a foreign land
Arise on the breath of the night from their band.
Severed but by some small dell
Paces the hostile sentinel,
So near that his shade, when the sun was low,
Would have reached across to the place of his foe.

JOHN MALCOLM.

THE BIVOUAC.

THE night comes on, and o'er the field
The moon shines bright on helm and shield ;
But there are many on that plain
That shall not see her light again ;
She looks serene on countless bands
Of mailèd breasts and steel-bound hands.
And shows a thousand faces there
Of courage high and dark despair.
All mingled as the legions lie,
Wrapped in their dreams of victory.

Survey the crowds who there await
In various mood the shock of fate ;
Who burn to meet, or strive to shun.
The dangers of to-morrow's sun.
Look on the husband's anxious tears,
The hero's hopes, the coward's fears ;
The vices that e'en here abound,
The follies that are hovering round ;
And learn that (treat it as you will)
Our life must be a mockery still.
Alas ! the same caprices reign
In courtly hall or tented plain,
And the same follies are revealed
In ball-room or in battle-field.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.



67-1859

London, Published December 21st 1859. Sold by S. Spon, 24, to the Queen.

THE VILLAGE BOY.

O, TO be a Boy once more,
Curly-headed, sitting, singing
'Mid a thousand flowerets springing,
In the sunny days of yore,
In the sunny world remote,
With feelings opening in their dew,
And fairy wonders ever new.
O, to be a boy, yet be
From all my early follies free ;
But were I skilled in prudent lore,
The boy were then a boy no more !

THOMAS AIRD.

FREE from the cottage-corner, see how wild
The village boy along the pasture hies,
With every smell and sound and sight beguiled,
That round the prospect meets his wondering eyes ;
Now stooping eager for the cowslip-pips,
As though he'd cull them all ; now tired of these,
Across the flaggy brook he eager leaps
For some new flower his happy rapture sees ;
Now tearing 'mid the bushes on his knees,
On woodland banks for bluebell-flowers he creeps ;
And now, while looking up among the trees,
He spies a nest, and down he throws his flowers ;
And up he climbs with new-fed ecstasies—
The happiest object in the summer hours.

JOHN CLARE.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

PLEASED in his loneliness, he often lies
Telling glad stories to his dog, or e'en
His very shadow, that the loss supplies
Of other company. Full oft he'll lean
By pebbled brooks, and dream with happy eyes
Upon the fairy pictures spread below,
Thinking the shadowed prospect real skies,
The blessed heavens to which his kindred go.
Oft we may track the haunts where he has been
To spend the leisure which his toils bestow,
By nine-pegged morris nicked upon the green,
Or beds with flowers never meant to grow,
Or figures cut on trees, his skill to show,
Where he a prisoner from a shower has been.

JOHN CLARE.

THE Shepherd-lad, that in the sunshine carves
On the green turf a dial—to divide
The silent hours ; and who to that report
Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt,
Throughout a long and lonely summer's day,
His round of pastoral duties, is not left
With less intelligence for moral things
Of gravest import. Early he perceives
Within himself a measure and a rule,
Which to the sun of truth he can apply,
That shines on him and shines on all mankind ;
Experience daily fixing his regards
On nature's wants, he knows how few they are,
And where they lie, how answered and appeased.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



THE SISTERS.

WE were two daughters of one race ;
She was the fairest in the face ;
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell ;
Therefore revenge became me well :
Oh, the Earl was fair to see !

She died : she went to burning flame ;
She mixed her ancient blood with shame :
The wind was howling in turret and tree.
Whole weeks and months, and early and late,
To win his love I lay in wait :
Oh, the Earl was fair to see !

I made a feast, I bade him come ;
I won his love, I brought him home :
The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
And after supper, on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his head :
Oh, the Earl was fair to see !

I kissed his eyelids into rest ;
His ruddy cheek upon my breast :
The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well :
Oh, the Earl was fair to see !

I rose up in the silent night,
I made my dagger sharp and bright :
The wind is raving in turret and tree.
As half asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabbed him through and through :
Oh, the Earl was fair to see !

I curled and combed his comely head,
He looked so grand when he was dead :
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
I wrapped his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet :
Oh, the Earl was fair to see !

ALFRED TENNYSON.



London. The Boy with the Cat.



London. The Girl in the Doorway.

THE SHOE-BLACK.

WHAT though the gathering mire thy feet besmear,
The voice of industry is always near !
Hark ! the boy calls thee to his destined stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.

* * * * *

The Goddess long had marked the child's distress,
And long had sought his sufferings to redress ;
She prays the gods to take the foundling's part,
And teach his hands some beneficial art
Practised in streets : the gods her suit allowed,
And made him useful to the walking crowd,
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor :
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush ; the God of Day
A tripod gives, amidst the crowded way
To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil ;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from the enormous whale ; the God of Fire,
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
Among these general presents joins his part,
And aids with soot the new japanning art.
Now beckoning to the boy, she thus begun :—
“ Thy prayers are granted ; weep no more, my son :
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand ;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand ;
Temper the soot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil :
On this, methinks, I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe ;
The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrowned,
And in thy pocket jingling halfpence sound.”
The youth straight chose his post ; the labour plied,
Where branching streets from Charing Cross divide ;
His treble voice resounds along the Mews,
And Whitehall echoes “Clean your Honour's shoes !”

JOHN GAY.

WINTER REVELS.

O H say, hath Winter then no charms ?
Is there no joy, no gladness warm
His aged heart ; no happy wiles
To cheat the hoary one to smiles ?
Onward he comes—the cruel North
Pours his furious whirlwind forth
Before him—and we breathe the breath
Of famished bears that howl to death.
Onward he comes from rocks that blanch
O'er solid streams that never flow,
His tears all ice, his locks all snow.
Just crept from some huge avalanche,
A thing half breathing and half warm,
As if one spark began to glow
Within some statue's marble form,
Or pilgrim stiffened in the storm.
Oh ! will not mirth's light arrows fail
To pierce that frozen coat of mail ?
Oh ! will not joy but strive in vain
To light up those glazed eyes again ?

No ! take him in and blaze the oak,
And pour the wine and warm the ale ;
His sides shall shake to many a joke.
His tongue shall thaw in many a tale,
His eyes grow bright, his heart be gay,
And even his palsy cheered away.

But hark ! those shouts ! that sudden din
Of little hearts that laugh within.
Oh ! take him where the youngsters play,
And he will grow as young as they !
They come ! they come ! each blue-eyed sport,
The Twelfth-night King and all his court—
'Tis mirth fresh crowned with mistletoe !
Music with her merry fiddler,
Joy “ on light fantastic toe,”
Wit with all his jests and riddles,
Singing and dancing as they go ;
And Love, young Love, among the rest,
A welcome—nor unbidden guest.

THOMAS HOOD.



THE SEA BEACH.

TURN to the watery world ! but who to thee,
A wonder yet unviewed, shall paint the sea ?
Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lulled by zephyrs, or when roused by storms ;
Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun
Shades after shades upon the surface run ;
Embrowned and horrid now, and now serene,
In limpid blue and evanescent green ;
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie
Like the fair sail, and cheat the experienced eye.
Be it the summer noon : a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place ;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move
(For heated thus the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends) ;—
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion, swelling as it sleeps ;
Then slowly sinking, curling to the strand,
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or strike the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchored, for they glide
On the still sea urged solely by the tide ;
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And far as eye can reach it can discern no more

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE SEA.

HOW vividly this moment brightens forth
Between grey parallel and leaden breadths,
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
Flushed like the rainbow, or the ringdove's neck ;
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea !
Chameleon-like thou changest, but there's love

THE SEA.

In all thy change, and constant sympathy
With yonder sky—thy mistress; from her brow
Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colours on
Thy faithful bosom: morning's milky white,
Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve;
And all thy balmy hours, fair element,
Have such divine complexion—crisp'd smiles,
Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,
That little is the wonder Love's own queen,
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung.
Creation's common! which no human power
Can parcel or inclose; the lordliest floods
And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
To thee that couldst subdue the earth itself,
And brook'st commandment from the heavens alone
For marshaling thy waves.

Yet, potent Sea!
How placidly thy moist lips speak ev'n now
Along yon sparkling shingles. Who can be
So fanciless as to feel no gratitude
That power and grandeur can be so serene,
Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
And rocking ev'n the fisher's little bark
As gently as a mother rocks her child?

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE FISHERMAN.

A PERILOUS life, and sad as life may be,
Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea.
O'er the wild waters labouring, far from home,
For some bleak pittance still condemned to roam;
Few hearts to cheer him through his dangerous life,
And none to aid him in the stormy strife:
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare:
Without the comfort hope, with scarce a friend,
He looks through life and only sees its end!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.



THE LITTLE SHIPWRIGHT.

Build me straight, O worthy master,
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.—*Longfellow.*

L O ! yonder shed ; observe its garden ground,
With the low paling, formed of wreck, around.
There dwells a fisher ; if you view his boat
With bed and barrel, 'tis his home afloat ;
Look at his house, where ropes, nets, blocks abound,
Tar, pitch, and oakum—'tis his boat aground ;
That space enclosed but little he regards,
Spread o'er with relics of masts, sails, and yards ;
Fish by the wall on spit of alder rest,
Of all his food the cheapest and the best,
By his own labour caught, for his own hunger dressed.

Here our reformers come not ; none object
To paths polluted, or upbraid neglect ;
None care that ashy heaps at doors are cast,
That coal-dust flies along the blinding blast ;
None heed the stagnant pools on either side,
Where new-launched ships of infant sailors ride ;
Rodneys in rags here British valour boast,
And lipping Nelsons fright the Gallic coast ;
They fix the rudder, set the swelling sail,
They point the bowsprit, and they blow the gale ;
True to her port the frigate scuds away,
And o'er that frowning ocean finds her bay ;
Her owner rigged her, and he knows her worth,
And sees her, fearless, gunwale-deep, go forth ;
Dreadless he views his sea, by breezes curled,
When inch-high billows vex the watery world.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE YOUNG BOAT-BUILDER.

O UR last boat is launched, and our fleet's on the sea,
May good fortune attend it wherever it be ;
Its helmsman is steady, its seamen are strong,
And the fresh breeze of heaven bears it gaily along :
Its captains are wise as Columbus of yore,
And our ships, though they ne'er walked the waters before,
Are destined to make for their builders a name :
If we cannot win profit, at least we'll win fame !

As onward they speed o'er their perilous way,
Leaving far, far behind them the sheltering bay ;
Though strange, it is true, they have left on the shore
No heart that is grieving ; who e'er saw before
A vessel bound outward, that left not behind
The sigh and the shout mingled both on the wind ?
But here we're as happy as happy can be,
So hurrah ! for the fleet that is now on the sea !

ANONYMOUS.



THE CORN-FIELD.

WHEN on the breath of the autumn breeze
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistledown ;
Oh, then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest hill !

What joy in dreamy ease to be
Amid a field new shorn,
And see all round on sun-lit slopes
The piled-up shocks of corn ;
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore.

I feel the day ; I see the field,
The quivering of the leaves,
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves ;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
And Boaz looking on ;
And Ruth, the Moabite fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight,
God's living gift of love unto
The kind good Shunamite ;
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see ;
And the dear Saviour take his way
'Mid ripe years on the Sabbath day.

THE CORN FIELD.

O golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem !
The reaper folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream ;
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there.

MARY HOWITT.

THE HARVEST-HOME.

THE last golden sheaf is borne off from the meadow,
The reaper is gone, for his labour is done ;
The harvest that grew where no cloud threw its shadow.
Was gathered to-day in the smiles of the sun.
See ! see ! the tankards foam ;
Hark ! hark ! 'tis Harvest-home.

Youth trips to the sound of the pipe and the tabor,
While innocent childhood looks on with his laugh.
And happy old age tells some listening neighbour
Of festivals past, as he leans on his staff.
See ! see ! the tankards foam ;
Hark ! hark ! 'tis Harvest-home !

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.



THE OLD MAN AND THE WOMAN. — A. J. 1846.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A POLLO has peeped through the shutter,
And wakened the witty and fair,
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,
The two-penny post in despair ;
The breath of the morning is flinging
A magic on blossom and spray ;
And Cockneys and sparrows are singing,
In chorus, on Valentine's day.

Away with ye, dreams of disaster ;
Away with ye, visions of law ;
Of cases I never can master,
Of pleadings I never shall draw :
Away with ye, parchments and papers ;
Red tapes, unread volumes, away ;
It gives a fond lover the vapours
To see you on Valentine's day !

Shall I kneel to a Sylvia or Celia,
Whom no one e'er saw or may see,
A fancy-drawn Laura Amelia,
An *ad libit.* Anna Marie ?
Shall I court an initial with stars to it,
Go mad for a G. or a J.,
Get Bishop to set a few bars to it,
And print it on Valentine's day ?

Alas ! ere I'm properly frantic
With some such pure figment as this,
Some visions not quite so romantic
Start up to demolish the bliss ;
Some Will-o'-the-Wisp in a bonnet,
Still leads my lost senses astray,
Till up to my ears in a sonnet
I sink upon Valentine's day.

The Dian I half bought a ring for,
On seeing her thrown in the ring ;
The Naiad I took such a spring for
From Waterloo Bridge in the spring ;—
The trembler I saved from a robber, on
My walk to the Champs Elysées !
The warbler that fainted at Oberon,
Three months before Valentine's day ;

VALENTINE'S DAY.

The gipsy I once had a spill with ;
Bad luck to the Paddington team !
The countess I chanced to be ill with,
From Dover to Calais, by steam :—
The lass that makes tea for Sir Stephen,
The lassie that brings in the tray :
It's odd, but the betting is even
Between them on Valentine's day.

The white hands I helped in their nutting ;
The fair neck I cloaked in the rain ;
The bright eyes that thanked me for cutting
My friend in Emanuel lane ;
The Blue that admires Sir John Barrow :
The Saint that adores Lewis Way ;
The Nameless that dated from Harrow
Three couplets last Valentine's day.

I think not of Laura the witty,
For, oh ! she is married at York !
I sigh not for Rose of the city,
For, ah ! she is buried at Cork !
Adele has a braver and better,
To say what I never could say :
Louise cannot construe a letter
Of English, on Valentine's day.

So perish the leaves in the arbour.
The tree is all bare in the blast !
Like a wreck that is drifting to harbour.
I come to the lady at last :
Where art thou, so lovely and lonely,
Though idle the lute and the lay,
The lute and the lay are thine only.
My fairest on Valentine's day.

For thee I have opened my Blackston
For thee I have shut up myself ;
Exchanged my long curls for a Caxton
And laid my short whist on the shelf :
For thee I have sold my old Sherry,
For thee I have burned my new play,
And I grow philosophical—very !
Except upon Valentine's day.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.



London Published December 1st 1842 by W. Wood & Son Litho to the Queen

THE MAY-WREATH.

HAST thou been in the woods with the honey bee,
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free ;
With the hare through the copses and dingles wild,
With the butterfly over the heath, fair child !
Yes ; the light fall of thy bounding feet
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat ;
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest dells,
And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.

Oh ! happy child, in thy fawn-like glee,
What is remembrance or thought to thee !
'Till thy bright locks with those gifts of Spring,
O'er thy green pathway thy colours fling ;
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon,
What if to droop and to perish soon ;
Nature hath mines of such wealth, and thou
Never wilt prize its delights as now.

FELICIA HEMANS.

MAY DAY.

WHILE from the purpling east departs
The star that led the dawn,
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
For May is on the lawn.
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,
Foreran the expected power,
Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,
Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway
Tempers the year's extremes ;
Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,
Like morning's dewy gleams ;
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,
The tremulous heart excite ;
And hums the balmy air to still
The balance of delight.

MAY DAY.

Time was, blest Power ! when youths and maids
At peep of dawn would rise,
And wander forth, in forest glades
Thy birth to solemnize !
Though mute the song—to grace the rite
Untouched the hawthorn bough,
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight ;
Man changes, but not thou !

Thy feathered lieges bill and wings
In love's disport employ ;
Warmed by thy influence, creeping things
Awake to silent joy :
Queen art thou still for each gay plant
Where the slim wild deer roves ;
And served in depths where fishes haunt,
Their own mysterious groves.

And if, on this thy natal morn,
The pole, from which thy name
Hath not departed, stands forlorn
Of song, and dance, and game ;
Still from the village green a vow
Aspires to thee address,
Wherever peace is on the brow,
Or love within the breast.

Yes ! where Love nestles thou canst teach
The soul to love the more ;
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach,
That never loved before.
Stript is the haughty one of pride,
The bashful freed from fear ;
While rising like the ocean-tide,
In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre ! weak words refuse
The service to prolong !
To yon exulting thrush the Muse
Entrusts the imperfect song ;
His voice shall chant, in accents clear,
Throughout the live-long day,
Till the first silver star appear,
The sovereignty of May.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



THE GREENWOOD.

THE greenwood, the greenwood, what bosom but allows
The gladness of the charm that dwells in thy pleasant
whispering boughs,
How often in this weary world I pine and long to flee,
And lay me down as I was wont under the greenwood tree !

The greenwood, the greenwood, to the bold and happy boy,
Thy realm of shade is a fairy land of wonder and of joy ;
Oh, for that freshness of the heart, that pure and vivid thrill,
As he listens to the woodland cries, and wonders at his will !

The greenwood, the greenwood, oh, be it mine to lie
In the depth of thy mossy solitude when summer fills the sky,
With pleasant sound and scents around, a tome of ancient lore,
And a pleasant friend with me to bend, and turn its pages o'er.*

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE FOREST.

I LOVE the Forest ;—I could dwell among
That silent people, till my thoughts grew up
In nobly ordered form, as to my view
Rose the succession of that lofty throng :—
The mellow footstep on a ground of leaves
Formed by the slow decay of numerous years,—
The couch of moss, whose growth alone appears
Beneath the fir's inhospitable caves,—
The chirp and flutter of some single bird,—
The rustle in the brake,—what precious store
Of joys have these on Poets' hearts conferred !
And then at times to send one's own voice out
In the full frolic of *one* startling shout,
Only to feel the after stillness more.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

* From "The Book of the Seasons."

A O O A.

COME, ye brown Oaks, and stoop your heavy boughs
Making sweet eve around my sultry brows !
Wave your white beauty, lilies : hyacinths, sigh
And woodbine, from your blossomed canopy,
Stirring the smoothness of the quiet stream,
Shed on my eyes some deep Elysian dream.
And come, thou young and silken-pinioned Wind,
That the pale virgin May sends forth to find
Her flowers in Winter's frozen bosom sleeping ;
Wing round this leafy bed, in whispers creeping
Like softest music on my slumbering ear ;
Until the murmur of the grasshopper,
And the fresh odours of the roses' breath,
Tell me that day is faint and nigh to death ;
And the small stars are waking one by one,
And to fair Thetis' couch the weary sun is gone !

GEORGE CROLY.



London, Published December 1844, by J. W. Smith.

ROASTED CHESTNUTS.

“Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.”—SHAKESPEARE.

SEE the young Merchant toiling through the street,
Stamping the snow to warm his frozen feet,
Take up his curbstone station for the day,
Though stern police may warn him hence away.
A ragged troop upon his footsteps wait,
To snatch a warm before his charcoal grate,
To look and long, poor Arabs of the street,
Whose eyes devour the food they may not eat ;
Content to echo second-hand his cry :
“Chestnuts all hot ! all hot ! who’ll buy, who’ll buy !
Outside no blemish, inside lined with silk ;
Large as horse-chestnuts, but as mild as milk.
They come a long way off, they say from Spain ;
Buy them, and try them, and you’ll come again.
They’re hot and heartsome, good and sound, and sweet !
Like toast and butter ; nay, like bread and meat !
Try but a handful, like a king you’ll dine !
Folk where they come from call them bread and wine.
I give no credit, or the nuts would go—
You all know that—as fast as melting snow.”

His audience look convinced ; they look and sigh ;
They have no money, so they cannot buy.
The jovial laugh forbids the least distrust ;
’Tis hard to starve, but still to starve they must !

“But while I chaff with you my chestnuts burn,
And I so famed for roasting to a turn.
Be off, you rogues, and come another day,
You always keep the gentlefolk away.
It’s bitter cold, and not far off a storm,
You want a ‘something’ now ‘to keep you warm.’
Be off, I say, and let your clamour cease :”
His heart relents—he gives them two apiece !

Courage, brave heart, nor be of want afraid,
They cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.
I turn away half joyful and half sad,
To think how little makes the wretched glad !
Thus young and old, and rich and poor, must meet,
To learn life’s lessons from the stony street.

ANONYMOUS.

LABOUR.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us ;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;
Hark ! how creation's wild musical chorus
Unintermitting goes up into Heaven :
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;
Never the little seed stops in the growing ;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

" Labour is worship ! "—the robin is singing ;
" Labour is worship ! "—the wild bee is ringing ;
Listen, that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Echoes the lesson that teaches the heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
From the rough sod comes the soft breathing flower ;
From the small insect the rich coral bower :
Only man in the plan ever shrinks from his part.

Labour is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us ;
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow ;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow ;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish, are round thee ;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee ;
Look on the pure heaven smiling beyond thee ;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly ;
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly ;
Labour ! ah, labour is noble and holy :
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God !

FRANCES OSGOOD.



Edwards 1847

1. First number of the 1. 1847

SUPPING ON HORRORS.

SWEET is the tale, however strange its air,
That bids the public eye astonished stare !
Sweet is the tale, howe'er uncouth its shape,
That makes the world's wide mouth with wonder gape !
In early years tales yield the most delight,
That lift, like hedgehogs' spines, the hair upright.
Dread monsters issuing from the flame or flood,
Charm, though with horror clothed, and chill the blood !
What makes a tale so heavy, languid, dull ?—
Things as they happened—not of marvel full.
What gives a zest, and keeps alive attention ?
A tale that boasts the charm of rich invention ;
A tale of shipwrecks, spectres, war, or thunder ;
A wonder, or first cousin to a wonder !
Mysterious *penchant* ! Yet, 'tis Nature's plan,
To sow with wonder's seeds the soul of Man !
Youth gains his chamber, not to seek his bed,
The precious volume must again be read ;
The world shut out, he fears no harsh control.
His body's hunger measures that of soul ;
Its rage appeased, he heaves a sigh of rest,
And hastes to feed the body's mystic guest !

“The Orphan Heir !” What baseness for a man
To cheat a child—as only uncles can !
A guardian vile, although so nigh akin ;
Uncle henceforth the synonyme of sin !

Shame on the hardened heart that dares deride
“The Phantom Lover” and “The Victim Bride ;”
“The Robber Chief,” that owns a Baron's reign—
The cowl, the cord, the dungeon, and the chain !
The “Brothers” twin, that meet in mortal strife
To cut and thrust, and share a “Spectre Wife !”

“The Banished Earl,” whose feats of high renown
Are all achieved with sable visor down ;
Treads once again his own ancestral hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall !
The “Poisoned Chalice !”—by a Witch distilled
Has turned to nectar, by a Fairy filled ;
The “Hidden Clue,” so often snapped in twain,
Again unites, and all is fair again !

SUPPING ON HORRORS.

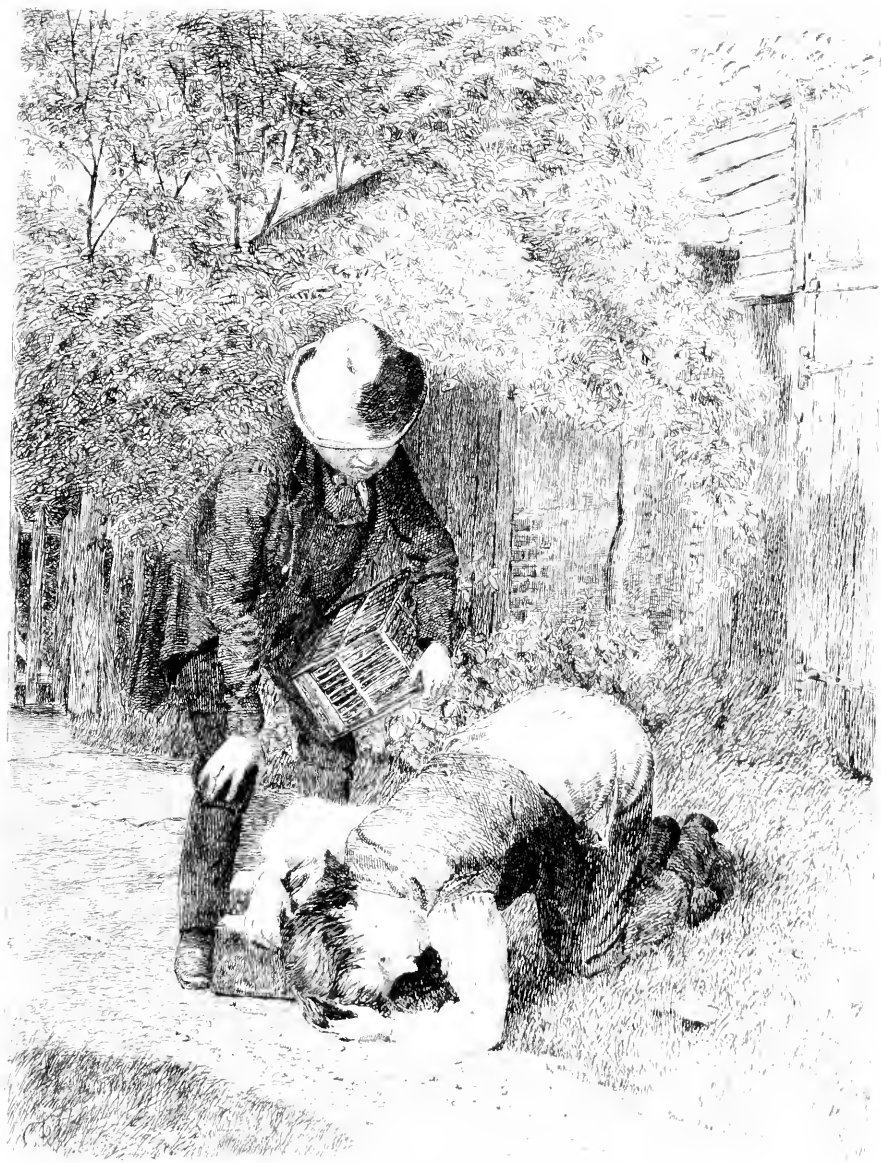
The watch has ceased to tick ! The waning light
Leaps up, flares round, sinks down, and all is night !
A breath ! a crash ! Oh ! for the coming day !
He feels no fear ! He simply "faints away."
Would you, too, "Sup on Horrors ?" Make a trial
Of stout, pork-pasties, and "The Blood Red Vial."

ANONYMOUS.

FEAR.

THOU to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shown ;
Who seest appalled the unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between :
Ah, Fear ! Ah, frantic Fear !
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !
Like thee I start, like thee disordered fly.
For lo, what monsters in thy train appear !—
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fixed behold !
Who stalks his round a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm ;
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep ;
And with him thousand phantoms joined,
Who prompt to deeds accursed the mind :
And those the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside ;
While Vengeance in the lurid air
Lifts her red arm exposed and bare :
On whom the ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait :
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee ?

WILLIAM COLLINS.



THE DOG AND THE CRATE

BIRD CATCHERS.

WHEN snowdrops die, and the green primrose leaves
Announce the coming flower, the merle's note,
Mellifluous, rich, deep-toned, fills all the vale,
And charms the ravished ear. The hawthorn bush,
New budded, is his perch ; there the gray dawn
He hails ; and there, with parting light, concludes
His melody. There, when the buds begin
To break, he lays the fibrous roots ; and, see
His jetty breast embossed ; the rounded clay
His jetty breast has soiled : but now complete.
His partner, and his helper in the work,
Happy assumes possession of her home ;
While he, upon a neighbouring tree, his lay,
More richly full, melodiously renews.
When twice seven days have run, the moment snatch,
That she has flitted off her charge to cool
Her thirsty bill, dipped in the babbling brook,
Then silently, on tiptoe raised, look in,
Admire : five cupless acorns, darkly speckled.
Delight the eye, warm to the cautious touch.
In seven days more expect the fledgless young,
Five gaping bills. With busy wing, and eye
Quick-darting, all alert, the parent pair
Gather the sustenance which Heaven bestows.
But music ceases, save at dewy fall
Of eve, when, nestling o'er her brood, the dawn
Has stilled them all to rest ; or at the hour
Of doubtful dawning gray ; then from his wing
Her partner turns his yellow bill, and chants
His solitary song of joyous praise.
From day to day as blow the hawthorn flowers,
That canopy this little home of love,
The plumage of the younglings shoots and spreads,
Filling with joy the fond parental eye.
Alas ! Not long the parent's partial eye
Shall view the fledging wing ; ne'er shall it see
The timorous pinion's first essay at flight.
What care the spoilers ; triumphing, their way
Smiling they wend ; the ruined hopeless mate

BIRD-CATCHERS.

O'er many a field follows their townward steps,
Then back returns ; and perching on the bush,
Finds nought of all it loved, but one small tuft
Of moss and withered roots. Drooping it sits
Silent : afar at last it flies, o'er hill
And lurid moor, to mourn in other groves
And soothe, in gentler grief, its hapless lot.
Meantime, the younger victims, one by one,
Drop off, by care destroyed, and food unfit,
Perhaps one, harder than the rest, survives,
And 'tween the wicker bars, with fading weeds
Entwined, hung at some lofty window, hops
From stick to stick his small unvaried round ;
While opposite, but higher still, the lark
Stands fluttering, or runs o'er his narrow field,
A span-breadth turf, tawny and parched, with wings
Quivering, as if to fly ; his carol gay
Lightening the pale mechanic's tedious task,
Poor birds, most sad the change ! of daisied fields,
Of hawthorn blooming sprays, of boundless air,
With melody replete, for clouds of smoke,
Through which the daw flies cawing steeple high ;
Or creak of grinding wheels, or skillet tongue
Shrilly reviling, more discordant still !

JAMES GRAHAME.



THE KIOSK.

Story-telling is now, as ever, the delight of the East : in the coffee and summer houses, at the corners of streets, in the courts of the mosque, sit the grave and attentive crowd, hearing with childish pleasure the same stories over and over again, applauding every new turn of expression or incident, but not requiring them any more than the hearers of a European sermon.

BENEATH the shadow of a large-leaved plane,
Above the ripple of a shallow stream,
Beside a cypress-planted cemetery,
In a gay painted trellis-worked kiosk,
A company of easy Moslems sat
Enjoying the calm measure of delight
God grants the faithful even here on earth.
Most pleasantly the bitter berry tastes.
Handed by that bright-eyed and neat-limbed boy ;
Most daintily the long chibouk is filled,
And almost before emptied filled again ;
Or with a free good will from mouth to mouth
Passes the cool nargheeec serpentine.
So sit they, with some low occasional word
Breaking the silence in itself so sweet,
Whilst o'er the neighbouring bridge the caravan
Winds slowly in one line interminable
Of camel after camel, each with neck
Jerked up as sniffing the far desert air.
Then one serene old Turk, with snow-white beard
Hanging amid his pistol-hilts profuse,
Spoke out :—"Till sunset all the time is ours,
And we should take advantage of the chance
That brings us here together. This, my friend,
Tells by his shape of dress and peaked cap
Where his home lies : he comes from farthest off,
So let the round of tales begin with him."
Thus challenged, in his thoughts the Persian dived,
And with no waste of faint apologies
Related a plain story of his life :
Nothing adventurous, terrible, or strange,
But, as he said, most simple incidents
That any one there present might have known.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

THE LAMENT OF THE MOSLEM.

THE forehead of the old Turk flushed and gloomed,
Whilst his eye glowed with the remembered story,
What time the Othman power in greatness bloomed.

And on the sea and on the land in glory
Waved the grand crescent banner of Mahmoud.

"Mashalla," sighed he, and went on: "victory
Is wrested from us with the sword; our blood

Is now, methinks, degenerate: our sons
Disgrace their noble pious sires who stood

Proud champions round the holy banner once.
Where is the Stamboul conquerors' Moslem Band!

Replaced by many a shallow-witted dunce!
Sultan Mahmoud was wrong: by his command

Were slain the Janissaries, one and all,
Those sole remains of Moslem heart and hand;

Manhood amongst us perished with their fall.
And when Paskiewitsch threatened Stamboul even

In the last war, all hearts were as in thrall,
Though by the Padischah to combat driven;

Nay, when the sacred banner was unrolled,
The fire of faith, which once flamed up to Heaven
Fanned by the banners fluttering, then was cold.

Faith is a memory only. Meantime spread
Knowledge and thought, the Western Empires hold.

Thus falls the East; the Frank now takes the lead.
Pregnant yon steam-ship with his mind alone;

He linketh wire to wire, 'tis even said,
On which his thoughts a thousand leagues are thrown

With lightning speed. What know I? Allah's great,
And his mysterious plans to man unknown.

I scarcely speak—think merely what I state—
But should the Prophet e'er return to earth,

Of Allah's holy bosom the innate,
He will, methinks, teach thought instead of faith."

Just then from the near minaret, aloud,
The call to evening worship was sent forth,

And Yussuf unto prayer submissive bowed.

ANONYMOUS.



Missed her chance. 1879.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IN every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old whom we Schoolmistress name ;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame.
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame ;
And oftentimes on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

Her cap far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;
Her apron dyed in grain as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field ;
And in her hand for sceptre she doth wield
Tway birchen sprays ; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust and sad repentance filled,
And steadfast pate and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontroled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air ;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own :
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe did term it passing rare ;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;
Yet these she challenged, *these* she held right dear ;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honoured eld with these revere ;
For never litle yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind that did that litle love.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such Psalms as Sternhold forth did mete ;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer seat.
Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

THE GRANDAME.

LOWLY born was she, and long had eat,
Well earned, the bread of service :—hers was else
A mounting spirit, one that entertained
Scorn of base action, deed dishonourable,
Or aught unseemly. I remember well
Her reverend image : I remember, too,
With what a zeal she served her Master's house ;
And how the prattling tongue of garrulous age
Delighted to recount the oft-told tale
Or anecdote domestic.
But these are not thy praises ; and I wrong
Thy honoured memory recording chiefly
Things light or trivial. Better 'twere to tell,
How with a nobler zeal and warmer love
She served her *heavenly* Master. I have seen
That reverend form bent down with age and pain,
And rankling malady. Yet not for this
Ceased she to praise her Maker, nor withdrew
Her trust in Him, her faith and humble hope,
So meekly had she learned to bear her cross,
For she had studied patience in the School
Of Christ ; much comfort had she thence derived,
And was a follower of the Nazarene.

CHARLES LAMB.



A RIVER SCENE.

UP from the shore of the placid lake
Wherein thou tumblest, murmuring low
Over the meadow and through the brake,
And over the moor where the rushes grow,
I've seen thy life in all its moods
In the shady, fragrant pine-tree woods ;
I've seen thee starting and leaping down
The smooth high rocks, and boulders brown ;
I've tracked thee upwards and upwards still
From the spot where the lonely birch-tree stands,
Low adown amid shingles and sands,
Over the brow of the ferny hill,
Over the moorland purple-died,
Over the rifts of granite grey,
Up to thy source on the mountain side
Far away,—Oh, far away.
Beautiful Stream ! By rock and dell
There's not an inch in all thy course
I have not tracked. I know thee well ;
I know where blossoms the yellow gorse,
I know where waves the pale blue-bell,
And where the hidden violets dwell ;
I know where the fox-glove rears his head,
And where the heather-tufts are spread ;
I know where the meadow-sweets exhale,
And the white valerians load the gale ;
I know the spot which the bees love best,
And where the linnet has built her nest.
I know the bushes the grouse frequent,
And the nooks where the shy deer browse the bent ;
I know each tree to thy fountain-head,—
The lady-birches slim and fair ;
The feathery larch, the rowans red,
The brambles trailing their tangled hair ;
And each is linked to my waking thought
By some sweet remembrance fancy fraught.
I know the pools where the trout are found,—
The happy trout unsnared by me ;

A RIVER SCENE.

I know the basins smooth and round,
Worn by thy ceaseless industry.
I know thy voice : I've heard thee sing
Many a soft and plaintive tune,
Like a lover's song in life's young spring,
Or Endymions to thee, Moon.
I've heard thee deepen to a roar
When thou wert swollen by autumn rains,
And rushed from the hill-tops to the plains.
Yet, lovely Stream ! unknown to fame
Thou hast oozed and flowed, and leaped and run,
Ever since Time its course begun,
Without a record, without a name.
I asked the shepherd on the hill,
He knew thee but as a common rill ;
I asked the farmer's blue-eyed daughter,
She knew thee but as a running water ;
I asked the boatman on thy shore,
He never was asked to tell before ;
He knew thee a river, and nothing more.
Like thee, fair river, undefiled,
Many a human virtue dwells
Unknown of men in the distant dells,
Or hides in the coverts of the wild.
Many a mind of richest worth,
Whether of high or low estate,
Illumes the by-ways of the earth ;
Unseen, but good ; unknown, but great.

CHARLES MACKAY.



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